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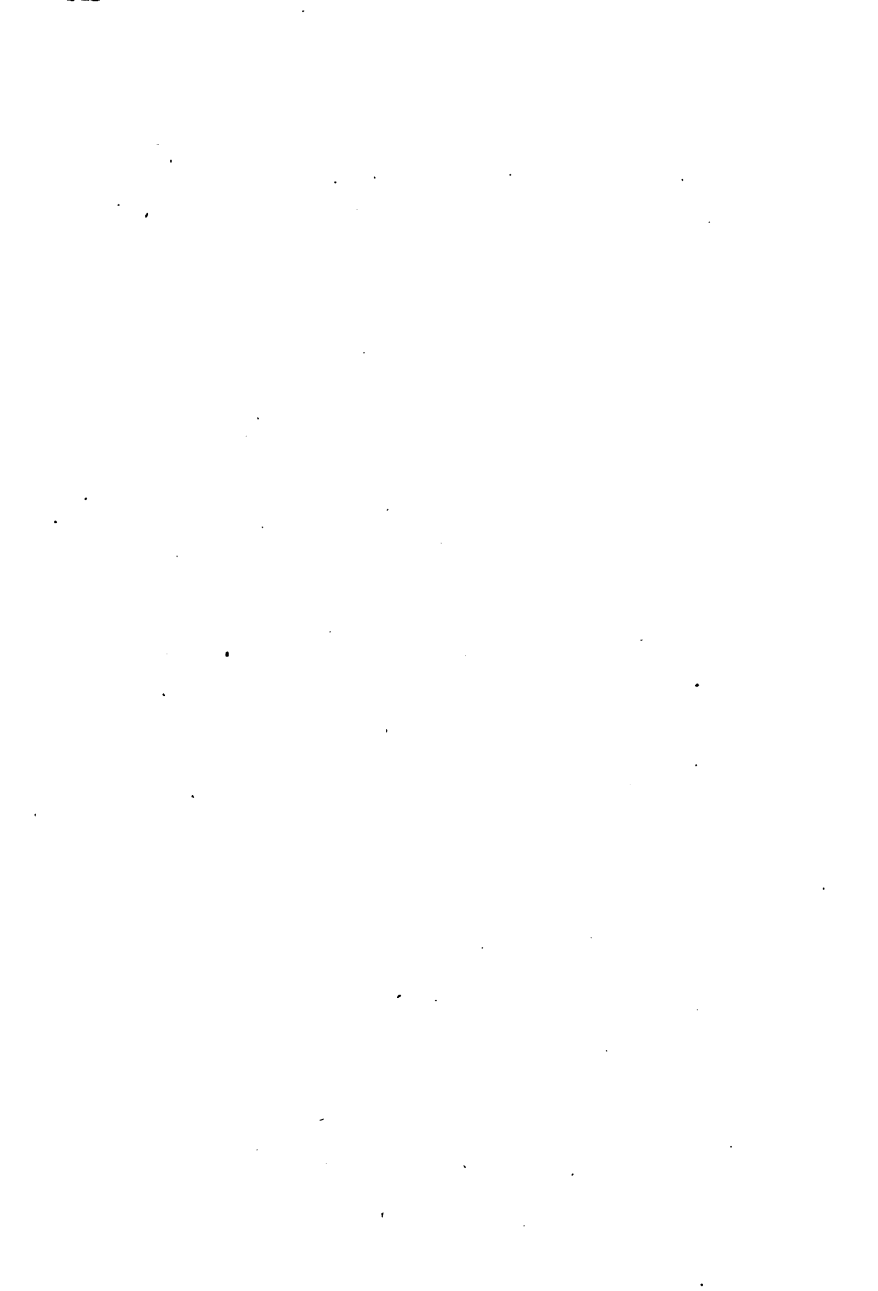


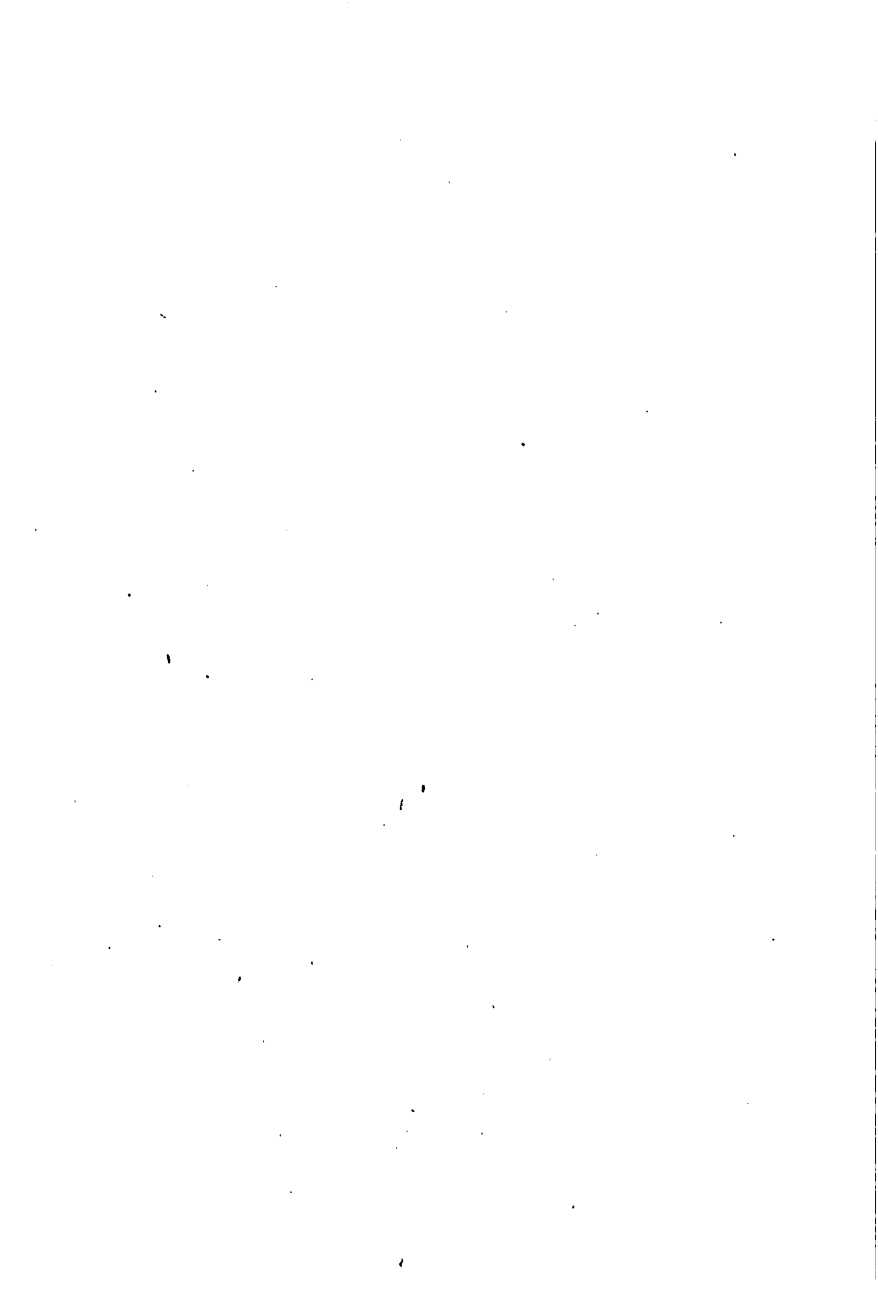
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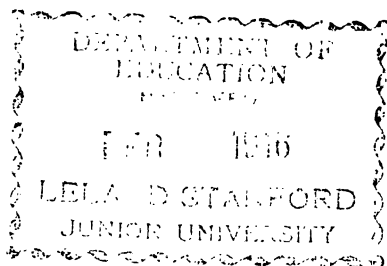
BY

DOROTHY DONNELL CALHOUN

AUTHOR OF

"WHEN GREAT FOLKS WERE LITTLE FOLKS"

"LITTLE FOLKS IN LITERATURE"



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DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS :

When is a book like a mirror? This is a conundrum which you may not know. The answer is, "When you can see yourself in it." Do you suppose that you can see yourselves in this book? Let me tell you how. First we must find out whether you have ever had any brave adventures.

How many of you have ever battled your way to school in a hard storm? I mean a storm in which you grew tired and cold and wet so that the schoolhouse seemed a long way off. As you tugged on bravely to gain your treasure of knowledge, you may have felt a little as the Norsemen felt when they fought their way through the big ocean waves, seeking new lands and treasures. So when you read about the Norsemen, you may say, "Here is a part of this

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book in which I see myself." Perhaps the gold seekers felt somewhat the same way.

Many of you came to the United States with your fathers and mothers from lands in Europe. You had heard that you would have greater freedom in the new land, yet it was hard to leave the old home which you all loved. You faced the long ocean voyage bravely. No one knew what might happen to you in a strange country. Surely when you read about the Hebrews and about the Pilgrims, you will say, "Here is a part of this book in which I see myself. I, too, have sought a strange land."

Perhaps some of you have had a hard time "playing square" when a crowd of your playmates have wanted you to be mean or cowardly. Then you will see yourselves in the brave little army which faced a big army at Thermopylæ. You will see yourselves, too, in the faithful band who made up the famous tea party, and in the heroes who fought for freedom in the French Revolution.

Don't you think it will be fun to hunt for yourselves in this book mirror? As your real

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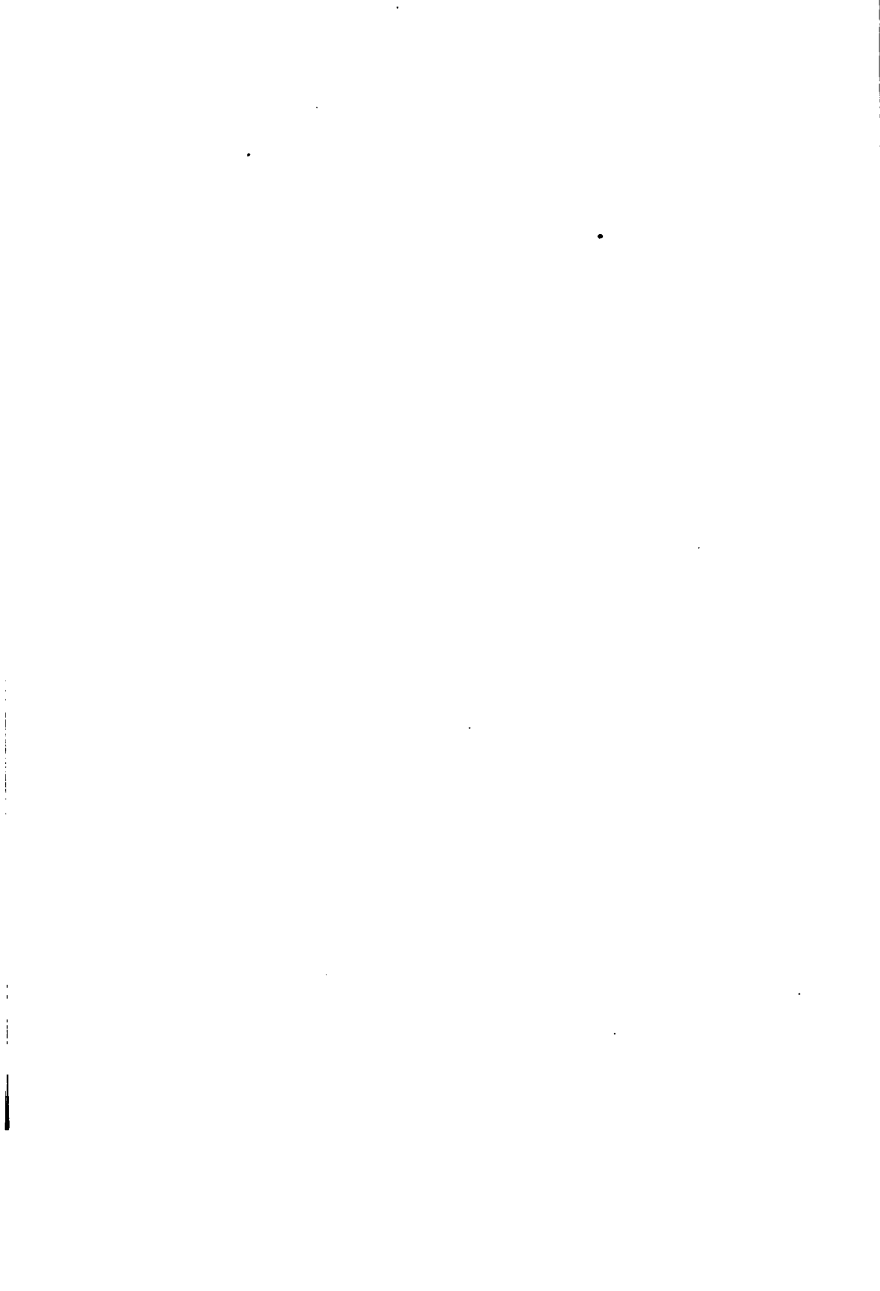
mirror reflects your rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes, may this book mirror reflect many deeds of yours which show you to be a brave young adventurer.

Your friend,

THE EDITOR.

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THE BOOK OF BRAVE ADVENTURES

THE PROMISED LAND

Pharaoh, Pha'raoh (pronounced fê'rō): any of the ancient monarchs of Egypt.

Marah, Ma'rah (pronounced mê'rā): this word means bitter water.

Sinai, Si'ni (pronounced sī'nī): a mountain in Arabia.

Canaan, Ca'naan (pronounced kê'nan): the Land of Canaan is the western part of Palestine.

THIS story begins in Egypt very long ago. A whole nation of men and women and children were the slaves of Pharaoh, the king of the country. This Pharaoh was harsh to his own family, stern to his people, and cruel and merciless to this Hebrew nation that had come into the country at the time of the great famine. He forced them to build cities for him, and to drag huge stones across the desert to pile into pyramids.

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Photo by Viagraph Co.

"YOU ALL KNOW HOW HE WAS FOUND AMONG THE RUSHES BY PHARAOH'S DAUGHTER."

The hot Egyptian sun burned their faces and the hot desert sands burned their feet, yet they dared not disobey the king.

For many years the Hebrews toiled, because at first there were not enough of them to fight for freedom. They were starved and beaten; they had to see their own children killed by order of the wicked king; they could not even worship God in their own way. Then at last there appeared among them a leader who promised to rescue them. The name of this great leader was Moses. You all know how he was found among the rushes by Pharaoh's daughter, and brought up in the palace; but he never forgot that he was a Hebrew. When he was a young man, he saw an Egyptian strike one of his people. He was so angry at this insult to his nation that he killed the Egyptian and fled from the city to a neighbor country called Midian. Here he married the daughter of Jethro, the king.

One day as Moses tended Jethro's sheep near a mountain called Horeb he thought that he heard the voice of God telling him to return to Egypt and rescue the poor Hebrew slaves. In the vision God promised that He would lead them

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at last to Canaan, "a land flowing with milk and honey," where they might live in peace, forever.

Moses did as God told him, and went back to the royal city. He called all the Hebrews together and told them of his vision. As the poor men and women listened to the tale of the promised land of freedom a great hope filled their sad hearts. They turned their faces towards the north. Beyond the hot, hateful sand and the far-away, blue mountains there was a green country where their flocks might feed in peace, and their children play. They resolved to set out at once.

"But Pharaoh may not let us go," said some. "He wants us to make bricks for his palaces and to drag the stones for his city walls. No, no, Pharaoh will never let us go!"

"I will go to the king," Moses promised, "and tell him that we wish to leave the city to offer a sacrifice outside the gates."

At first Pharaoh would not grant Moses's request. He feared that his slaves would never return, and he could not spare their labor. Because of his fear, he gave them still harder tasks to perform and treated them more cruelly than



Photo by Vitagraph Co.

"OUT OF THE GATES CAME A GREAT PROCESSION."

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before. They were told to make bricks without the straw to hold the clay together. When they failed, their Egyptian taskmasters beat them. But at last after a great many strange and terrible disasters had come upon the king as a punishment for not letting the Hebrews depart, he said that they might go.

Out of the gates of the city came a great procession. Six hundred thousand men and women walked on foot, and the children rode on the backs of asses. Jewels and golden chains shone on the women's robes. Their garments were of rich materials, purple, crimson, and blue. Before the procession went droves of cattle and flocks of sheep. The men carried wooden trays of unbaked dough slung across their shoulders, and that was all they took to eat; for they did not dare to wait in Egypt to get other food. It was nighttime when they left the city and began their long journey toward freedom. None of them guessed how long it would be or how few of them would live to reach the Promised Land.

Although Pharaoh had given his permission for their departure, they did not feel safe. As

they went along they glanced back often, fearing to see their former masters behind. They felt certain that before long the king would send his troops to make them return to their slavery. For three days and nights they hurried on until they came to the edge of the great desert, by the shores of the Red Sea. Here they stopped to rest. Suddenly, above the roar of the waves came another noise behind them. They looked back fearfully and saw Pharaoh's army of horsemen, chariots, and spearsmen, moving upon the camp.

It seemed as though they were lost. Before lay the sea, behind were their enemies eager to carry them back to the old cruel slavery. The armor of the horsemen gleamed in the camp fires. The Egyptians were almost upon them; but before a single spear could be hurled a wonderful thing happened. A strong east wind came up and began to blow back the waters of the sea! It grew so dark that the Egyptians could not see the Hebrews and were forced to encamp for the rest of the night.

All through the hours of darkness the great

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wind blew, and Moses and his followers watched a path of dry sand stretch out across the sea. When the sun rose, the Hebrews waited no longer. Driving their flocks and herds before them, the six hundred thousand marched fearlessly out along the narrow pathway. Green walls of water rose above their heads on either side. The Egyptian host was on their heels, yet they trusted in God and went on. Then before their cruel enemies could reach them the waves swept over chariots and horsemen, hiding them forever. But the Hebrews passed on in safety to the farther shore, where they sang a song in praise of God's goodness to them.

"I will sing unto the Lord," they sang, "for He hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea!"

So began the wanderings of the children of Israel in search of the Promised Land. The desert called Shur lay before them, as dry and burning as the one they had just left. For days they traveled on, until their water bags were emptied. The children cried with thirst; the dumb animals panted, with hanging tongues. They saw in the

distance the green trees about the spring of Marah, but they found the water too bitter to drink. Moses broke a branch from one of the trees and drew it through the waves, which were sweetened miraculously. Then, refreshed, they traveled on. When they came to other green places in the desert, called oases, they stopped to camp beneath the palms.

Of course the bread that they had taken out of Egypt on their shoulders was soon gone. In the wilderness they could not get more. For a while it seemed that they must starve. But again God heard their cries. One evening a flock of quails flew over the camp so low that the Hebrews could kill them easily. That night there was a smell of roasting meat in the camp, and every one, down to the smallest child, had enough to eat, and to spare. In the morning the grass as far as eye could reach was covered with dew. When the sun melted the dew, the ground was heaped with small round things, white like seeds.

“What is this?” they asked each other, wonderingly.

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"It is bread," answered Moses, "and God has sent it to you."

They gathered handfuls of the strange white things and tasted them, finding them sweet as honey. The name they gave the new food was "manna"; and, from that day on, for many years, they found the ground covered with this manna every morning. They did not lack food again.

The hunger and thirst and the hot sands, however, were not all the trials that the Hebrews had to bear. Presently they came to mountains and to unfriendly cities. Sometimes they had to fight before they could go on. Yet they did not despair. They built altars to God in the desert, and worshiped Him with prayers and songs.

At a mountain called Sinai they stopped their march to make a tent or tabernacle in which to worship. They covered it with their finest colors and hung it with gold and jewels. Here Moses, the leader, gave them many laws about the way in which God wanted men to live. These were cut on smooth tablets of stone. When the Hebrews started on again toward that far-away land of freedom, they carried with them the taber-



Photo by Viagraph Co.

"THESE WERE CUT ON SMOOTH TABLETS OF STONE."

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nacle and the laws; and for hundreds of years the Hebrew people cherished these things.

Through more mountains and deserts they journeyed until at last Canaan lay before them beyond the yellow Jordan. Many of the older Hebrews had died on the long march; the rest were weary and footsore. But the sight of the green hills and valleys where they were to find a home filled their hearts with joy. Yet there were cities in Canaan; they could see the great towers and stone walls against the sky in the distance. Had they come so far only to be disappointed at last?

Moses sent twelve young men across the Jordan to spy out the land. .

"Go up into the mountains and see whether the people who live in Canaan are many or few," he told them, "and bring us some of the fruits of the land."

A month passed. Still the Hebrews waited on the very borders of the Promised Land. At last one day the spies returned, some carrying huge bunches of grapes hung from sticks across their shoulders, some laden with purple figs and ripe pomegranates.

"It is a beautiful country," they said, "but the people are giants and we cannot fight them. Let us return to Egypt whence we came."

Filled with grief the Hebrews turned from Canaan and faced the dreary desert again. But they did not return to Egypt. Out into the wilds they drifted, stopping for long spaces in one place, fighting sometimes with the strange people they met. One by one the older men and women died, and their sons and daughters, born on the journey, took their places. A great sickness killed many; others were swallowed up by an earthquake. Still Moses, white-haired and very old, led them, and still in their hearts they dreamed of the Promised Land.

Years went by. At length their wanderings brought them back to the river Jordan. Of the ones who had started out so hopefully from Egypt, forty years before, there were left only a few feeble old men. It was their sons and grandsons that now faced the unfriendly people about the Promised Land and defeated them. The way into Canaan lay open before them. Moses called the heads of the different families to him and told

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them to arm themselves for battle and pass over Jordan to Jericho.

“You shall drive out all the inhabitants of the land before you,” he promised. “The Lord has given you that land.”

Across the Jordan on the side of the mountain Nebo, Moses stood alone. He knew that he would never reach the shore of Canaan himself, yet the sight of it was good to his dying eyes. Many were the battles his people must still fight before they should win the country wholly. But Moses knew that in the end they would be victorious and that their children’s children would live in peace and comfort in the Promised Land.

With Joshua, one of the original Hebrews, as their leader after Moses died, the wanderers went down to the river. There was no bridge nor boat to carry them across, but as years before the Red Sea had parted its waves for them, so now the yellow Jordan drew back and they passed across the dry river bed to the walls of Jericho. For seven days the Hebrews marched about the great gray walls — on the seventh day they went seven times about the city shouting and blowing horns.

The stones shook and swayed, then with a great roar fell to the ground. Over the ruins the Hebrews entered and captured Jericho.

After their lifetime of wandering, their long suffering, their struggles, Canaan was reached. It lay before them, green and beautiful.

IT'S YOUR TURN NOW

1. Who were the Pharaohs? Why do you suppose the Hebrews were the slaves of the Egyptians?

2. What did they have to do for the Egyptians? Do you remember the name of the leader who came at last to rescue them?

3. What did Moses tell Pharaoh? Why did the king let the Hebrews depart?

4. Why do you suppose they started out on their wanderings? Tell the story of what happened to Pharaoh's army in the Red Sea.

5. Do you think you would like what the Hebrews had to eat in the desert?

6. Why did they turn back from Canaan the first time?

7. Was the tabernacle like any building you ever saw? What were the laws of Moses about? Do you know where these laws are to be found?

8. Describe the wanderings of the Hebrews dur-

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ing the forty years after they left Egypt. Where did they come at last? How many of the Hebrews who had started out from Egypt were left?

9. Was Jericho taken as cities are captured nowadays?

10. Did Moses ever reach the Promised Land? Read about his death in the Bible. See if you can find on the map where he died.

THE HYMN OF THE HEBREW MAID

WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the Land of Bondage came,
Her father's God before her moved,
An awful guide in smoke and flame.

By day along the astonished lands
The cloudy pillar guided slow ;
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,
And trump and timbrel answered keen,
And Zion's daughters poured their lays
With priest's and warrior's voice between.

No portents now our foes amaze —
Forsaken Israel wanders lone.
Our fathers would not know Thy ways
And Thou hast left them to their own.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE BURIAL OF MOSES

BY Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab
There lies a lonely grave.
But no man built that sepulcher
And no man saw it e'er ;
For the angels of God upturned the sod
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth,
Yet no man heard the trampling
Or saw the train go forth,
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes when the night is done
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun,

Noiselessly as the springtime
Her crown of verdure weaves

And all the trees on all the hills
Unfold their thousand leaves,
So without sound of music
Or voice of them that wept
Silently down from the mountain's crown
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle
On gray Beth-peor's height
Out of his rocky eyry
Looked on the wondrous sight.
Perchance the lion, stalking,
Still shuns that hallowed spot,
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,
His comrades of the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drums,
Follow the funeral car.
They show the banners taken,
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his matchless steed
While peals the minute gun.

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Amidst the noblest of the land
Men lay the sage to rest
And give the bard an honored place
With costly marbles drest,
In the great minster transept
Where lights like glories fall
And the sweet choir sings and the organ rings
Along the emblazoned hall.

This was the bravest warrior
That ever buckled sword ;
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word.
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with a golden pen,
On the deathless page, truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor ?
The hillside for a pall !
To lie in state while angels wait
With stars for tapers tall !
And the dark rock pines with tossing plumes
Over his pier to wave ;

And God's own hand, on that lonely land,
To lay him in his grave!

In that strange grave without a name
Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again — oh, wondrous thought!
Before the judgment day.
And stand with glory wrapped around
On the hills he never trod
And speak of the strife that won our life
With the Incarnate Son of God.

O lonely tomb in Moab's land!
O dark Beth-peor's hill!
Speak to these curious hearts of ours
And teach them to be still.
God hath His mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep like the secret sleep
Of him He loved so well.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER.

THE ARMY OF GOD

Jerusalem, Je-ru'sa-lem (pronounced je-rū'sa-lem) : the holy city in which Jesus spent so much of his life.

Antioch, An'ti-och (pronounced an'ti-ōch) : a city in Asia.

IT all happened a very long while ago in 1095, when the world was younger than it is now. There were no such things then as railroad trains or motor cars or even carriages like the ones you and I ride in to-day. When people wished to go from one place to another, the rich rode on horses or mules, the poor walked. Because it is not easy to walk even a few miles, most of the people stayed at home and saw very little of the great strange world beyond their front doors. There were no newspapers either, in those queer old days, so no one knew what was happening anywhere except in his own little corner of the globe.

There were, however, a few men called pilgrims who spent all their lives in going on foot

from one land to another, doing good deeds wherever they went. They were very poor. Their clothes were coarse, ragged, brown robes, and they had to beg for their food as they traveled, but they were good men and Christians. There was one city in particular where they all went, though it was so far away and so hard to reach that some of the pilgrims spent all of their lives in getting to it.

This city was Jerusalem, the city in which Christ had lived and preached. It lies in Asia beyond seas and mountains and desert sands. At this time a race of savage men called Turks lived there, who were very unfriendly to travelers. But still the pilgrims came to worship in the Holy City, where their Lord was buried, as all good Christians wished to do. When they found how wicked and cruel the Turks were and what shameful things they did in the city of Christ, they felt very sad to think that Jerusalem should belong to such men. They wished to rescue it themselves, but what could a handful of poorly dressed pilgrims do against an army of fierce armed soldiers? Since they were unable to rescue the city, one by

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one they limped painfully home, old and weary, to tell the rest of the Christians in France and Italy and England what a cruel fate had befallen their Holy City.

One of the pilgrims was called Peter the Hermit. He told the story of wronged Jerusalem so well in France that wherever he went the men and women who heard him laid down their plow handles and their needles and cried aloud, "We will go to rescue Jerusalem — God wills it!" Other pilgrims told the same story in other lands. The Pope heard it and cried also, "Jerusalem! God wills it!" Soon from every farmhouse and castle and city wall people began to pour out, ready to begin the long, hard march to the far-away city.

Men brought their wives and little children. They sold their homes, piled their household goods into rude ox carts, sewed the red cloth crosses to their clothes, and gathered into great companies under the command of one of the returned pilgrims. The rich left their castles, the poor came from their cottages; babies, grandfathers, sick and well, from every Christian coun-

try of the world began to march down through France toward Asia and the fierce Turks, all crying in a hundred different languages: "We will rescue Jerusalem! God wills it!"

One French knight, Walter the Penniless, led fifteen thousand of these men and women; Peter the Hermit followed with one hundred thousand. The journey was a terrible one. There was often no food or water. The children and the old people began to fall sick and to die. In Asia, long before Jerusalem was reached, Turks met these first pilgrims and killed thousands of them, leaving their bones to whiten on the sand of the plains where they were found afterwards by the greater army that followed. For the sad fate of these advance companies did not frighten the great army of crusaders that was now ready to start for Jerusalem.

In this army were seven hundred thousand men, women, and children. They climbed the Alps and marched down the mountains bravely towards Asia. The cities there were unfriendly to the travelers and would not give them food nor a place to rest. More than once they had to stop



Photo by Pathé
"DESERTS HAD TO BE CROSSED IN SPITE OF THEIR BURNING SANDS."

the march to fight with savage armies or to capture a city that stood in their path. Along the road they found the bodies of their unlucky fellow pilgrims who had gone on ahead and died on the way. Deserts had to be crossed in spite of their burning sands, and here the crusaders suffered terribly from hunger and thirst. The few horses they had died, and the women and children rode on mules and oxen. Yet still they kept their heads turned straight toward far-away Jerusalem; and as they marched, they cried aloud bravely: "Jerusalem! God wills it! God wills it!"

At last the Army of God came to the unfriendly city of Antioch. It must be captured before they could march on again to their goal, but it had high stone walls all around it and a strong army on guard. The crusaders camped down in the fields before the city and spent a whole winter in trying to conquer it. During the winter months in that part of Asia it rains instead of snows. The rain made the great army of pilgrims very miserable. Their food was all gone and they had to eat thistles and to drink from puddles of rain water. Many of the weaker ones became

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ill and died. But at last one night when the thunder was roaring and the wind deafened the guards of the city, the crusaders climbed up over the walls on ladders made of ropes, and fought so bravely with the men of Antioch that the city was at last captured. Within the walls another worse disaster met them. There was a terrible sickness called the plague among the people living in the city. Great numbers of the crusaders, weakened by the long, hard march, the hunger, cold, and thirst, fell ill of this sickness and died. There were few doctors and medicines in those old days, and their friends could do very little to help the sick ones. Mothers had to watch their children suffering; men could not save their wives. When the Army of God was ready to start out again toward Jerusalem, of all the hundreds of thousands that had begun the march, only fifty thousand were left to finish it. But these fifty thousand did not stop nor turn back because of their lessened numbers. Instead, they walked bravely ahead over the rough hills and sandy plains, crying aloud ever as they went their courageous battle cry: "God wills it! Jerusalem!"

At last at the end of weary days they saw in the distance against the burning blue sky the white walls of the Holy City they had come so far to save. At the sight they fell upon their knees and kissed the ground, thanking God that their long journey was at an end.

But there was still one hard task before them. In the Holy City were thousands of savage Turks whom they must conquer before they could enter the city and worship at the tomb of Christ. These Turks had weapons and high walls to protect them. The Christians were worn out from their year's march on foot, sick, and hungry. Many of the crusaders were women and children who could not fight. Yet they bravely marched up to the very walls and began the hard attack.

For many weeks the fighting went on. The Turks poisoned the wells of water outside the city so that there were only mud puddles left for the poor crusaders to drink from. They killed the few horses they had left and ate them for food. Still they would not give up their tasks in despair. At last one morning while it was still dark they crept quietly up to the city,

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carrying with them three tall wooden towers which they placed against the walls. These towers were also ladders up which many men could go at the same time. On them were platforms on which other men could stand and hurl weapons down into the city below. Very softly, one by one, the pilgrims, thin, white-faced, with their red crosses ragged with long wear, crept up the towers and leaped down on the other side of the walls. The sleeping Turks woke to find their city full of men, shabby as scarecrows, but brave as lions, carrying poor weapons but determined to use them to win. All that day the Christians and Turks fought in Jerusalem. On the next morning the victorious crusaders flung open the gates for their wives and children to enter. The streets were wet and red with blood, the men and women and children were sick and weary, but their hearts were full of great joy as they knelt to thank God within the long-sought walls of the Holy City. Once again from the Army of God the cry went up bravely to the clear blue sky —

“Jerusalem! God wills it! Jerusalem!”

LET'S SEE HOW MUCH YOU REMEMBER

1. When did the Army of God seek the Holy City?
How many years ago does that make?

2. How did people travel in those days? as we do now? Why not? Did many people travel?

3. What were the men who did travel called? Did they dress as we do? What were some of the things they did wherever they went?

4. Where is Jerusalem? What sort of men owned the city then? Why do you suppose the pilgrims wished to rescue it? Who had lived and preached there?

5. How did the pilgrims arouse others to go with them to Jerusalem? Would you have gone, too? Who was the first pilgrim to tell the story of the Holy City? What did the people who heard him do?

6. What sort of people went on the crusade? Who were the leaders of the first companies? How many went first? Do you think they were brave? Why?

7. In the main army how many people were there? Did they find it easy to travel? Where did they go first? Were the cities of Asia friendly?

8. Tell the story of the siege of Antioch. What happened to the crusaders within the city? Why do you suppose they kept on?

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9. How many were left to start out again? Were these discouraged? How did they march? What do you think was the reason for their bravery?

10. Tell the story of how Jerusalem was at last captured. What was the first thing the crusaders did when they entered the Holy City? What was their battle cry?

THE CRUSADER'S HYMN

FAIREST Lord Jesus, Ruler of all Nature,
Oh Thou, of God and Man the son,
Thee will I cherish, Thee will I honor,
Thou, my soul's glory, joy, and crown.

Fair are the meadows, fairer still the woodlands
Robed in the blooming garb of Spring.
Jesus is fairer, Jesus is purer,
Who makes the woeful heart to sing.

Fair is the sunshine, fairer still the moonlight,
And all the twinkling starry host.
Jesus shines brighter, Jesus shines purer
Than all the angels Heav'n can boast.

THE NORSEMEN

Fiord (pronounced fyērd) : a long, narrow arm of the sea with high, rocky banks.

Skraelings, Skrael'ling (pronounced skrel'ing) : a member of one of the native races of America, an Eskimo or an Indian, so named by the Norsemen.

Vikings, Vi'king (pronounced vai'king) : a Scandinavian warrior and sailor.

ONCE upon a time, long ago before many books were written or history had begun to be made, a race of brave men lived in the north of Europe. They had yellow hair. Their eyes were blue like the sea beside which they lived. Because their land was so far north they were called the Northmen, or "Norsemen." It was a strange, cold, rough country in which they lived. Great black mountains covered with ice and snow rose from the shore. There were deep fissures in these mountains, filled with water, which were called "fiords." These were so deep that they

seemed to have no bottom, but they were wide enough for boats to come and go. In this strange Northland the summer days are long, but the sun shines like a red, red eye all day and night in the winter months. The country of the old Norsemen is called Norway, Denmark, and Sweden now.

The Norsemen were a bold and adventurous people. Their life at home was so hard, with its cold winters and rough food, that they liked to journey to other lands. They built great, open ships out of oak and sailed in these on many voyages of discovery. These ships were driven by sails when the wind was blowing, but in still weather the Norsemen rowed them with sixty long oaken oars.

The larger vessels were made to look like great golden dragons, with a fierce head carved on the bow and a curved, gilded tail on the stern. The white and red shields of the sailors which hung along the sides looked like the monster's shining scales, and the gayly painted sails were like his wings. In these open boats the hardy Norsemen often spent weeks on the sea. They sailed to

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Italy and France and Spain ; but they were so cruel and bloodthirsty that these countries hated them and dreaded their coming. One of the prayers that was prayed throughout the Christian world at this time was, "Deliver us from the fury of the Norsemen."

There was no machinery in those days, nor even compasses, to tell which way they were going. They had to find their way by the sun in the day and by the moon at night. When storms and fogs hid the sky, they set free a raven, which they carried with them, and followed the flight of the bird toward the nearest land.

On one of his sea voyages, a Norseman named Eric the Red discovered a gray and white country. It was covered with black rocks and ice and white polar bears. But Eric named it Greenland because he hoped the pretty name might attract some of his countrymen to live there. The rest of the world soon learned of this new-found land ; before many years towns began to spring up there, in spite of the cold and snow.

On another of Eric's trips, he, with a friend of his called Bjarne, had a wonderful adven-



Photo by Universal Co.

"THEY TOLD THE STORY OF THE SHORE THEY HAD SEEN."

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ture. The wind drove their little boat toward the south. A thick fog shut them in so that they had no idea where they were going. At last the mist cleared, and they saw a pleasant shore near by, covered with green woods and grassy hills. They were very much puzzled by the sight, for they had not dreamed that there was any land in the world that had not been already discovered. This could not be Greenland, they knew, but they did not go ashore to learn more about it, for fear that they would never be able to find their way home again.

When, after two or three years, they went back to Norway again, from Greenland, they told the story of the shore that they had seen in southern seas. You would suppose that the Norsemen would have been eager to set sail at once for the new land. But you must remember that it was not easy to travel in those days. Their boats were so small that they could carry very little food; there was no chance for the rowers to lie down and sleep when they were tired; the cold salt waves beat in over the sides, wetting their clothing, which often froze stiff as a board

in the chilly winds; and the heavy oars hurt their hands.

Yet thirty-six strong, daring men decided to set out to find the strange land which Eric had seen. Their leader was Leif Ericson. By this time Christianity had been brought to Norway by missionaries; and Leif and his men were all Christians. They wished to spread their belief in the farthest lands; and they wished also to brave hardships and dangers for the joy of the adventure itself. Cruel and bloodthirsty the Norsemen might be, but there was not a coward among them; and their rough, open-air life had made them as strong as giants. The party of adventurers set out joyfully across the unknown Atlantic in their little wooden ship that looked like a dragon.

The story of their trip is told in the old Norse songs which we call "sagas." These sagas tell how the Norsemen came first to a rocky shore which they named the Country of Flat Stones. Then, sailing on, they found an island covered with green trees. This they named Woodland. At last they came to a pleasant land toward the south

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which they called Vineland, because there were so many wild grapes along the shore.

Here the Norsemen spent the winter, so the sagas say. There were plenty of fish in the rivers and lakes; fields of yellow grain grew wild everywhere; and birds and animals that could be used for food were numerous. They found eggs in the nests of wild pigeons, and one of the company shot a great bear.

The explorers had not been in Vineland long before they found that there were already people living there. These natives were big, dark-skinned people, with broad faces and ugly hair. They spoke a queer, harsh language, and wore the skins of animals for clothes. Leif's men called them "Skraellings," which means "Worthless People" or "Inferior People."

At first these savages did not do any harm to the Norsemen, although they did not seem very friendly. They brought fine furs to the explorers, which they exchanged for a strip of bright red cloth to tie around their heads. Soon the supply of cloth threatened to give out. The Norsemen began to cut the strips of cloth very narrow in-

deed, but the natives had never seen bright colors before, and liked them so well that they were willing to give the skin of a red fox for a tiny piece of the cloth.

These savages were very curious about the explorer's weapons and possessions. They tried to buy some of the shields and arrows, but Leif refused to let them have them. Then they saw a Norseman cutting wood with an iron hatchet. They took the hatchet and found that they could cut wood, too. They were very much pleased with this new plaything until one of them tried to cut a stone with it and broke it.

After a mild winter of such experiences with the Indians, Leif and his men sailed home. The sky was clear; and the sea, which the Norsemen thought was the blood of one of the gods, was smooth and calm. As they sailed, they came to a shipwrecked boat with fifteen men clinging to the broken keel. Leif rescued these and carried them home with him. Afterwards, on account of this rescue, men called him "Leif the Lucky."

Several years later another voyage was made

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to Vineland. This time the Norsemen carried their wives and children too. They took many ships filled with cattle and house furnishings, for they intended to make homes in the new land. The "Skraellings" were not at all glad to see the strangers. But they brought their furs as before, and traded them off for worthless trinkets. One day when a number of the natives were trading, a great bull that the Norsemen had brought ran out before them and began to bellow loudly. The savages had never seen such a terrible looking animal in their lives. They saw his pointed horns, and his great hoofs tearing the ground. They heard his deep, awful roar. Every one of them turned around and ran away as fast as he could.

Their fear did not last very long, however. They soon began to threaten the Norsemen. What right had these big white strangers, with hair like the sun and eyes like the sea, to live in their land? They gathered together their bows and arrows and stone hatchets, and came up the river in their skin canoes. When the Norsemen saw them coming, yelling and shouting, they thought

of the bull that had frightened the savages before. Perhaps he would save them now. They hurried to the pens and let the great animal out. Then with the bull in front of them they went to meet their enemies. The Skraellings were soon paddling away in their canoes as fast as they had come.

After this, the old songs say, the Norsemen made many trips to Vineland in their dragon ships. They carried loads of fur and timber back to Norway, and filled the prows of the ships with the great purple wild grapes that gave the country its name. Then suddenly the sagas are silent. They tell of no more voyages across the sea to Vineland. A terrible thing happened to the Norsemen at home. A sickness called the Black Death broke out. It was a strange and dreadful disease. Men and women and children died a few hours after they were taken sick. Almost a third of all the Norsemen perished. No wonder that they did no more exploring for many, many years!

Now these Norsemen, or Vikings, as we sometimes call them, did not keep a good record of

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their voyages. They had no clocks with which to tell time, no compasses that would show exactly where they were. Yet the stories of their journeyings are so full of descriptions that it seems almost certain that the land they called Vineland was really our own America and the natives with the dark skins and broad faces were the Indians who lived here centuries before any white man came. If so, Christopher Columbus was not the real discoverer of America, but the yellow-haired Norseman who saw its shores four hundred years before Columbus came.

YOU TELL ME

1. What sort of country did the Norsemen live in? Was it a pleasant place?
2. What sort of people were they? What did they do on the sea? What were their boats like? Did they live as Americans live?
3. Did they move their vessels easily? How did they find their way without compasses? Do you think that was a good way?
4. What country do you think it was that Eric the Red discovered? Was it really a green land?
5. What other strange land did they find? How

did they happen to find it? Whom did they tell of their discovery?

6. What record have we of the journey of Leif and his thirty-five men? What land did they find first? next? What did they call the land where they settled and spent the winter? Pretend you were with Eric on his journey and tell about it as though you saw it.

7. What did the Norsemen call the natives? Describe them. What did the explorers sell the savages? Do you think the trades were fair?

8. Why do you suppose Leif was called the Lucky?

9. What was the next voyage made to Vineland? How did the savages treat the white men? Were the white men clever to scare the savages away as they did?

10. What stopped the journeys of the Norsemen to Vineland? What is it probable that Vineland really was? Is it different to-day from when the Norsemen came? How?

THE SKELETON IN ARMOR

“**S**PEAK! Speak! Thou fearful guest,
Who with thy hollow chest
Still in rude armor drest,
Comest to daunt me!
Wrapt not in Eastern balms,
But with thy fleshless palms
Stretched, as if asking alms,
Why dost thou haunt me?”

Then from those cavernous eyes
Pale flashes seemed to rise,
As when the Northern skies
Gleam in December;
And, like the water's flow
Under December's snow,
Came a dull voice of woe
From the heart's chamber.

“I was a Viking old!
My deeds, though manifold,

No Skald in song has told,
No Saga taught thee !
Take heed that in thy verse
Thou dost the tale rehearse,
Else dread a dead man's curse ;
For this I sought thee.

“Far in the northern land,
By the wild Baltic's strand,
I, with my childish hand,
Tamed the ger-falcon ;
And, with my skates fast-bound,
Skimmed the half-frozen Sound
That the poor whimpering hound
Trembled to walk on.

“Oft to his frozen lair
Tracked I the grisly bear,
While from my path the hare
Fled like the shadow ;
Oft through the forest dark
Followed the were-wolf's bark,
Until the soaring lark
Sang from the meadow.

“But when I older grew,
Joining a corsair’s crew,
O’er the dark sea I flew
With the marauders.
Wild was the life we led,
Many the souls that sped,
Many the hearts that bled,
By our stern orders.

“Many a wassail bout
Wore the long winter out ;
Often our midnight shout
Set the cocks crowing,
As we the Bersark’s tale
Measured in cups of ale,
Draining the oaken pail,
Filled to o’erflowing.

“Once as I told in glee
Tales of the stormy sea,
Soft eyes did gaze on me
Burning yet tender ;
And as the white stars shine
On the dark Norway pine

On that dark heart of mine
Fell their soft splendor.

“I wooed the blue-eyed maid
Yielding, yet half-afraid,
And in the forest’s shade
Our vows were plighted.
Under its loosened vest
Fluttered her little breast,
Like birds within their nest
By the hawk frightened.

“Bright in her father’s hall
Shields gleamed upon the wall,
Loud sang the minstrels all,
Chaunting his glory ;
When of old Hildebrand
I asked his daughter’s hand,
Mute did the minstrels stand
To hear my story.

“While the brown ale he quaffed,
Loud then the champion laughed,
And as the sea winds waft
The sea foam brightly,

So the loud laugh of scorn,
Out of those lips unshorn,
From the deep drinking horn
Blew the foam lightly.

“She was a Prince’s child,
I but a Viking wild,
And though she blushed and smiled
I was discarded !
Should not the dove so white
Follow the sew-mew’s flight ?
Why did they leave that night
Her nest unguarded ?

“Scarce had I put to sea,
Bearing the maid with me —
Fairest of all was she
Among the Norsemen !—
When on the white sea strand,
Waving his armed hand,
Saw we old Hildebrand,
With twenty horsemen.

“Then launched they to the blast,
Bent like a reed each mast,

Yet we were gaining fast,
When the wind failed us ;
And with a sudden flaw
Came round the gusty Skaw,
So that our foe we saw
Laugh as he hailed us.

“And as to catch the gale
Round veered the flapping sail,
‘Death!’ was the helmsman’s hail,
Death without quarter !
Midships with iron keel
Struck we her ribs of steel ;
Down her black hulk did reel
Through the black water !

“As with his wings aslant
Sails the fierce cormorant,
Seeking some rocky haunt,
With his prey laden,
So toward the open main,
Beating to sea again,
Through the wild hurricane,
Bore I the maiden.

“Three weeks we westward bore,
And when the storm was o’er,
Cloudlike we saw the shore
Stretching to leeward ;
There for my lady’s bower
Built I the lofty tower,
Which, to this very hour,
Stands looking seaward.

“There lived we many years ;
Time dried the maiden’s tears ;
She had forgot her fears,
She was a mother.
Death closed her mild blue eyes,
Under that tower she lies ;
Ne’er shall the sun arise
On such another !

“Still grew my bosom then,
Still as a stagnant fen !
Hateful to me were men,
The sunlight hateful !
In the vast forest here,
Clad in my warlike gear,

Fell I upon my spear,
Oh, death was grateful!

“Thus, seamed with many scars,
Bursting these prison bars,
Up to its native stars
My soul ascended!
There from the flowing bowl
Deep drinks the warrior’s soul,
Skoal! to the northland! *skoal!*”
— Thus the tale ended.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE TALE OF THERMOPYLÆ

Mediterranean, Med'i-ter-ra'ne-an: the Mediterranean Sea lies between Europe and Africa.

Xerxes, Xerx'es (pronounced zerx'iz): a Persian king.

Thessaly, Thes'sa-ly: a province of northern Greece, on the Ægean Sea.

Olympic Games, O-lym'pic: games and athletic sports held in honor of the gods.

Leonidas, Le-on'i-das: king of Sparta.

IN the blue waves of the Mediterranean lies the sunny land of Greece. To-day it is a happy country of green trees and red fruit and laughing children. It has forgotten its old wars and troubles. But long ago it was not so happy; for the terrible Xerxes, king of Persia, was marching out of the East to capture it with an army of many thousand men.

The Persians came into Greece through the part of the country called Thessaly. When the men of Thessaly saw the enemy covering all the

valley and the hills as far as they could see, they were afraid to fight. Instead they sent a messenger to Xerxes with a handful of earth and a jar of water, a ceremony which was the old sign of surrender.

The rest of the Grecian states were much troubled by Thessaly's cowardliness; it seemed as though the whole country must be lost. Yet in spite of the danger so near at hand they did not rush to arms. It was the time of year when the Olympic games were being held. Instead of fighting, men were running races, throwing the discus, and wrestling; the games were religious ceremonies; and the Greeks thought it would be wrong to give them up even with the enemy at their very gates. Instead they decided to send a small army to guard the pass of Thermopylæ until the games were over and the regular troops could be sent to their aid.

Across the center of Greece lies a wall of steep mountains over which it would be almost impossible for a great army to march. There is one narrow opening in the wall, called Thermopylæ, the Greek word meaning the hot springs that boil up at the foot of the steep cliffs. On one side

lies the sea ; on the other rise the mountains. In between is a path so narrow that three men can scarcely walk through it side by side. It was by way of this pass that the Persian army must march into southern Greece.

The little force that was sent to guard the pass was made up of the bravest men in all Greece, the Spartans. From their boyhood these men had been trained to bear pain and hardship without complaining. When a boy was born in Sparta, he was not allowed to grow up unless he was strong and well. Crippled and weak children were left on the mountain to die. Those who lived were taught bravery and obedience. They had to dress thinly in winter ; they ate coarse food which they often had to find for themselves. Whatever happened they were not allowed to complain. Many of you have read the story of the Spartan boy who caught a fox. He put the animal under his cloak and went home with it. But on the threshold of the house he fell down dead. The fox had been tearing his body underneath the cloak, yet he had not uttered a single cry of pain.

It was men like this whom the Grecians sent to guard their country's safety at Thermopylæ. Leonidas, king of Sparta, was chosen general. He chose to go with him only the men who had sons to carry on their family name; for he knew that the ones who went would probably never return. A fortune teller had once told him that "Either Sparta or a Spartan king must perish." Leonidas hoped that his death would save his country.

With his small band of three hundred Spartans, he marched toward Thermopylæ, gathering a few other troops from the cities along the way. He had several thousand men when he arrived at the pass. There was no sign of the Persian army. Through the narrow opening they could look away over green plains to the hills. On their right the sea lapped peacefully on the sand; on their left the grim old mountain climbed up toward the sky. There was one other way besides the pass by which the Persians could enter southern Greece. A steep, winding path led over a ridge near Thermopylæ. Leonidas sent most of his men to guard this path. He kept his three hundred

Spartans below in the pass. They built a wall of stones across the opening, and sat down to await the coming enemy. A man from Thessaly who had seen the Persian army passed by and paused to warn them.

"Xerxes's followers are so many," he said, "that their arrows will shut out the sun!"

"Then," replied the Spartans, quietly, "we will fight in the shade."

At length the breeze brought a terrible sound to their ears: the tramp of a thousand horses, the rattle of ten thousand spears and shields. As it began to grow dark the Persian soldiers poured like waves out upon the plain beyond the pass. They looked at the few Spartans on guard and laughed aloud until the hills rang. Then a herald came from Xerxes.

"The king orders you to lay down your arms," he cried.

"Tell your king to come and get them!" answered the Spartans.

The herald rode back with the answer.

"What kind of men are these?" he cried to the king. "I thought to find them trembling

and hiding behind their walls; instead they were combing their long hair and holding athletic contests outside the gate."

"Madmen!" scowled the great king Xerxes. "When the sun rises to-morrow morning, we will brush them from our path like flies."

Xerxes did not know, however, with what sort of men he was dealing. All the next day the Persian army marched upon Thermopylæ, carrying their wicker shields and golden swords curved like sickles; and all day they fell back in disorder, bleeding from stout Spartan blows. Dead Persians lay in heaps at the mouth of the pass, but not a living one entered it. Xerxes was very angry. He sent the best troops he had, the pride of the army, nicknamed "the ten thousand Immortals," to force a way for the rest. These, too, were unsuccessful. The Persians were fighting for money; the Spartans for the sake of their country, which is a better thing to fight for, if men must fight at all.

The second night came. Through the darkness shone the Persian campfires. In the pass of Thermopylæ the tiny Spartan band waited

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patiently for the Grecian troops which were to come to their aid. But the night passed and no one came. All the next day the unequal fight went on; the fight of three hundred against many thousand. The bravery of the Spartans filled the enemy with fear. The Persian generals had to drive their men into the battle with long whips. The mouth of the pass was piled with bodies, but still untaken. The Spartans were bleeding from many spear thrusts; their armor was broken and cut to pieces; and their weapons were blunt and almost useless; yet they had no thought of leaving their post. By this time Leonidas knew that he could not expect help from his ungrateful country. Far away the Grecians were running races for laurel wreaths, amid the shouts of their admiring friends, trusting in him to hold the pass for them. Sooner or later his handful of men would one by one be killed. But they were Spartans who knew how to obey orders. They had been told to hold the pass; they would hold it as long as one of their number was left alive.

That night the Grecians who were guarding the mountain path slept over their watch. They

did not dream of the danger creeping nearer and nearer through the darkness, until they were aroused from their dreams by the rustle of the dead oak leaves along the hillside. It sounded as though a great wind were blowing them about, yet not a branch moved in the still moonlight. The sound they heard was the footsteps of the Persians led across the secret way by a Greek traitor who had sold his country's safety for a bag of gold.

As the weary Spartans put on their battered armor the next morning, they saw behind as well as before them a Persian host. Down the hillside that they had thought so well guarded came a long line of soldiers, with the sun striking sparks out of their bright shields. They knew that this was the end. Yet there was still time for surrender. Xerxes would never kill such brave fighters. They need only lay down their arms and their lives were saved. But with cheers and songs they sprang into battle. They pushed the Persians into the sea. They trampled them under foot. Leonidas fell dead, clasping his blunt sword in his hands. Over his body the

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Spartans fought and died. Not until the last one fell did the enemy dare to advance closer. The pass lay open ; but the three hundred heroes had not died in vain. Xerxes had learned to fear the Greeks. Hereafter the Persian soldiers trembled when ordered to battle, remembering the blood that had been shed at the pass of Thermopylæ.

YOUR TURN NOW

1. Why do you suppose the enemy that marched into Greece was so terrible ?

2. Did Thessaly fight ? What sign did the people of Thessaly send to Xerxes ?

3. The rest of Greece did not fight because of a religious festival. What was it ? Whom did they send to guard the safety of the country ? Do you know anything about this festival ? Do they hold it to-day anywhere ?

4. Where is Thermopylæ ? Describe the pass. Was it a good place to fight, do you think ?

5. Who were the Spartans ? Who was their general ? What sort of men did he choose to take to Thermopylæ with him ?

6. How many ways were there for the enemy to get down into lower Greece ? How did Leonidas

arrange his troops? Can you draw a picture of the pass and the Spartan army?

7. What demand did the Persian general make of the Spartans? What was the Spartans' reply? Was it a brave one or not?

8. Describe the way the Spartans repulsed the Persians. How many days did the fight go on? How many Persians were there compared to the Spartans?

9. How did Xerxes at last get down into lower Greece?

10. What was the end of the fight? Were there many Spartans left alive? Why is this a Brave Adventure?

LEONIDAS

SHOUT for the mighty men
Who died along this shore,
Who died within this mountain's glen!
For never nobler chieftain's head
Was laid on valor's crimson bed
Nor ever prouder gore
Sprang forth than theirs who won the day
Upon thy strand, Thermopylæ.

Shout for the mighty men
Who on the Persian tents,
Like lions from their midnight den,
Bounding on the slumbering deer,
Rushed a storm of sword and spear
Like the roused elements
Let loose from an immortal hand
To chasten or to crush a land.

GEORGE CROLY.

THE DEATH OF LEONIDAS

IT was the wild midnight ;
A storm was on the sky,
The lightning gave its light
And the thunder echoed by.

The torrent swept the glen,
The ocean lashed the shore ;
Then rose the Spartan men
To make their beds in gore !

Swift from the deluged ground
Three hundred took the shield,
Then silent gathered round
The leader of the field.

He spake no warrior word,
He bade no trumpet blow,
But the signal thunder roared
And they rushed upon the foe.

The fiery element
 Showed, with one mighty gleam,
 Rampart and flag and tent
 Like the specters of a dream.

All up the mountain's side,
 All down the woody vale,
 All by the rolling tide
 Waved the Persian banners pale.

And foremost from the pass
 Among the slumbering band
 Sprang King Leonidas
 Like the lightning's living brand.

The double darkness fell,
 And the forest ceased its moan,
 But there came a clash of steel
 And a distant dying groan.

Anon a trumpet blew
 And a fiery sheet burst high
 That o'er the midnight threw
 A blood-red canopy.

A host glared on the hill,
A host glared by the bay.
But the Greeks rushed onward still
Like leopards in their play!

The air was all a yell
And the earth was all a flame
Where the Spartan's bloody steel
On the silken turbans came.

And still the Greeks rushed on,
Where the fiery torrent rolled,
Till like a rising sun
Shone Xerxes' tent of gold.

They found a royal feast,
His midnight banquet there,
And the treasures of the East
Lay beneath the Doric spear.

Then sat to the repast
The bravest of the brave.
That feast must be their last!
That spot must be their grave!

They pledged old Sparta's name
In cups of Syrian wine
And the warrior's deathless fame
Was sung in strains divine.

But now the morning star
Crowned Cæta's twilight brow
And the Persian horn of war
From the hills began to blow.

Up rose the glorious rank
To Greece one cup poured high ;
Then hand in hand they drank
"To Immortality !"

Fear on King Xerxes fell
When like spirits from the tomb
With shout and trumpet knell
He saw the warriors come.

But down swept all his power
With chariot and with charge,
Down poured the arrow's shower
Till sank the Dorian's targe.

They gathered round the tent
With all their strength unstrung ;
To Greece one look they sent,
Then on high their torches flung !

The king sat on the throne,
His captains by his side,
While the flame rushed roaring on
And their Peon loud replied.

Thus fought the Greek of old.
Thus will he fight again.
Shall not the selfsame mold
Bring forth the selfsame men ?

GEORGE CROLY.

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THE INVINCIBLE ARMADA

Armada, Ar-ma'da: the name given the great fleet of Philip of Spain.

Medina Sidonia, Me-di'na Si-do'ni-a (pronounced mē-dí'nă Sî-dō'nî-ă): the commander of the Armada.

WHEN Queen Elizabeth sat on the throne of England, and the sixteenth century was growing very old, a bold sea rover named Drake set sail from London-town. With four tall ships he turned his prows to sunny Spain, where, he had heard, Philip the king was gathering together a great fleet to conquer England. Drake and his men sailed along the coast of Spain and found here and there, in harbor mouth and rivers, many small vessels loaded with corn and wine. The English captain believed that this food was being collected for the king's fleet, and for this reason he seized it and burned and sank the boats. Then, having done as much harm as he could to the enemies of his country, he sailed back home,

carrying the stolen supplies and other captured treasures.

Of course Philip was very angry at this treatment, but his ships were not yet ready for fighting. Thus he had to let months pass without any attempt to punish England. But all the time he was busy getting his fleet ready, and gathering an army and supplies of powder and shot. He had many reasons for hating England. It was a Protestant country and Spain was Catholic. His own kinswoman, Mary, Queen of Scots, had been killed by Elizabeth. The Pope, the visible head of the Catholic church, urged him to conquer England and carry the true faith there.

Time passed, months, even years. Across the sea in Britain the people laughed at all talk of Spanish attack. The queen refused to buy ships for defense, and even left the few vessels she owned without rigging or crews. All the time, in Spain, the call to arms was ringing from the pulpits and the platforms, through every city and village. Rich and poor alike answered it. Knights in bright armor and peasants joined Philip's army, eager to die for their religion. From other coun-

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tries came faithful Catholics, — dark Italians, blue-eyed Germans, priests, and nobles. The army grew daily. Farm hands were brought from the country and kept prisoners under guard to increase the numbers. Enemies met on the ships' decks and promised to put aside their quarrels until after England was defeated. Thousands of slaves who had been captured in other wars were brought to row the great galleys; for in those days the largest warships went by sails instead of machinery, and the smaller vessels were rowed by long oars.

At last, one July morning in 1588 the great fleet lay in the harbor of Coruna, ready to sail. On board, safely hidden in the hatches, were large stores of powder and shells, and biscuits, dried fruit, bread, and wine enough to feed forty thousand men for six months. The supplies that Drake had stolen had been replaced. The one hundred and fifty great vessels that lay rocking on the purple water were tall as castles and strong as oak and iron could make them. Carved towers and figureheads decorated some, more than two thousand brass cannon shone on the decks, and

above fluttered the white sails with red crosses on them as a sign that the fleet was going to a holy war. It seemed as though no English guns could possibly harm these mighty ships. The Spaniards named the fleet The Invincible Armada, or unconquerable fleet.

Since the ships were to fight for the Catholic faith, each vessel was baptized by a priest with a holy name — the *Saint James*, the *Saint Peter*, the *Lady of the Rosary*. Before they went aboard every soldier and sailor was blessed by the priests. They swore not to gamble, swear, nor do anything sinful on the voyage, which they considered a crusade. Over the long oars bent five thousand galley slaves; and above decks stood nearly twenty-five thousand men from all parts of the world, servants, soldiers, adventurers, and sailors, ready to die for their faith. The wicked Elizabeth, they believed, was at last to be punished for her sins against the church of Rome. Everything seemed to be in King Philip's favor. The wild storms that had swept the seas at the beginning of the summer were over; the stoutest fleet ever sailed by man was his; beyond the

horizon in Holland waited another Spanish general, the Prince of Parma, with thirty thousand men.

With sea and sky a calm blue, with the breeze bringing to their ears the shouts of friends and families, with streamers and banners flying, the Invincible Armada set sail for England, never to return. Of the thirty thousand men who watched the white walls and hillside vineyards of Coruna fading behind them, only one third ever saw them again. For many months the Spaniards watched the sea for the fleet's return and waited anxiously for news. In the sixteenth century there were no telegraphs nor even mail trains; instead, messengers carried letters to and fro. Now and then one of these messengers came to Spain with reports of the Armada's victories. But it was almost a year before the real truth became known.

At the head of the fleet sailed the ship of the admiral, Medina Sidonia, leading the way by day and showing lights at night to guide the rest. When the weather was hazy, this ship fired guns. It was not long before the admiral's ship began firing; for the Armada was not a week out from

the Spanish coast when a storm arose. A southwest wind tore at the sails and tossed the heavy ships about. Four of the galleys, with oars broken by the waves, were wrecked on the ragged French coast, and one great warship, the *Saint Anna*, went down with four hundred soldiers and fifty thousand dollars in gold aboard. For two days the storm lasted. When it cleared, the fleet found itself at the mouth of the English channel. A tiny fishing boat put out from the English shore and came close to the Armada, while the men on board counted the number of ships in the great fleet. Then before the Spaniards could seize it, it had sped away. Medina Sidonia arranged his ships in the form of a great bow, or half circle, and set sail for the English coast. As the fleet came nearer the sailors saw a few small English ships, about forty in all, lying in wait to meet them. Before a shot was fired it grew dark, and both fleets had to wait for the morning.

Through the night great signal fires burned on the shore, and men on horseback hurried from town to town carrying torches and shouting out

the news that at last the Spanish fleet had come. From cottage and castle men answered the call, forming into companies and marching towards London to protect the queen. The clouds that had covered the sky at the beginning of the evening cleared away and a bright moon filled the world with soft light. By its glow the Spanish general saw a sight that made him uneasy. Under the shelter of the darkness the English fleet had crept around his own vessels and was now behind instead of in front of him. Before he could decide what to do, a line of small, swift English ships was passing rapidly up and down the circle of heavy Spanish galleys and warships, firing over and over again into their heavy timbers. The sailors and soldiers of the Armada hurried to their guns and tried to sink their enemy's vessels; but the lighter English boats, with their sharp prows and low decks, passed by so swiftly that they could not be hit. Showers of bullets rained down on the poor Spaniards, who could not get out of the way because of the great bulk and slowness of their ships. One of the largest ships of the Armada was captured, and many of the small

supply boats. All the next day from dawn to sunset the one-sided fight went on; at last Medina Sidonia gave his fleet the signal to retreat. With torn sails and blood-stained decks the Armada turned her prows toward the French coast, where they anchored safely in a sheltered harbor.

Their hope of safety was very short-lived. When night fell again, the lookouts standing in the rigging called out that they saw a number of dark objects floating toward them on the tide. As these drew nearer they suddenly burst into flame. The English had taken eight small boats, covered them with pitch and oil, and set them afire, hoping that they would either burn the Spanish fleet or drive it out of the harbor to the open sea, where they could attack it. This very thing happened. Fearing the flames, the Armada drew out of the harbor and was at once surrounded by the English.

The fight that followed was a terrible one for the Spanish. Four vessels went ashore and were wrecked, three sank with all on board, and the rest were badly injured. The decks ran red with the blood of those who had set



"THE FIGHT THAT FOLLOWED WAS A TERRIBLE ONE FOR THE SPANISH."

sail so bravely for the sake of their religion. Bodies of priests and noblemen floated on the water. Through the holes in the sides of the ships floods of water poured in. The sailors nailed sheets of lead over the holes and fought on, doing almost no harm to their enemies.

Medina Sidonia saw that he could never hope to defeat the English with his clumsy fleet and his ammunition gone. His path to Spain was cut off. Only one road of escape lay open. With masts splintered, sails hanging in shreds, men sick and starving, the once proud Armada sailed northward, intending to round Ireland and go home unhindered. Thirty of their ships were gone; but they hoped to carry the rest safely back to Spain.

Before they had gone far a storm wave swept over them. The injured boats went ashore and sank. The rest crawled on, only to go down on the rocks off the Irish coast. The drowning sailors were carried to the shore, where they were taken prisoners by the Irish, who were almost savages at that time. Some were killed; some flung back into the waves; a few boats and sailors

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escaped out into the open sea. The Irish peasants found the shore strewn with costly clothes of silk and brocade, with jewels and golden armor, for nearly all the wealthiest and noblest adventurers had perished. The ragged few who were left turned toward Spain and slowly dragged their torn and ruined vessels home. They had no water; their food was not fit to eat; and the men soon grew sick.

It was a sad home-coming for the brave Spanish. England and her wicked queen were still unpunished. The Catholic cause had not been helped. Worse than all, some of the best men in Spain had lost their lives. Still the Armada had not wholly failed. No brave deed is lost, for it is written in the pages of history, and remembered gladly in the hearts of mankind.

CAN YOU TELL

1. Did you ever hear of Drake? What did he do to Spain?
2. Who was the queen of England at that time? What kind of woman do you think she was? Was the king of Spain a brave man or not?

3. Why did Philip hate England? Was that a good reason for war, in your opinion? What did he plan to do to that country?

4. Tell about the gathering of men and supplies for the Armada. How many ships were gathered together? How many men?

5. Did the ships look like our battleships? Why not? How did the Armada set out? When did Spain hear from her again?

6. What misfortune happened first? How many ships were lost? How long did the storm last?

7. Tell about the naval battle between the English fleet and the Spanish. Make a diagram to show how the ships were arranged. Was England's method of fighting a good one? What happened to the Armada, and where did it go?

8. What did the English do next to injure the Armada? Describe the fire ships. What was the result of the sea fight on the following day? Where did the Armada sail, and why? Do you think they should have fled or stayed?

9. What other misfortunes happened to the poor Armada on the way back to Spain? What did the Irish do to the shipwrecked sailors?

10. How many ships and sailors came home? See if you can reckon how many were lost.

THE BRAVE LITTLE MAYFLOWER

Scrooby : a village in England, not existing to-day.

Plymouth, Plym'outh (pronounced plim'uth): a New England town where the Pilgrim Fathers landed, named after the English town of the same name.

Miles Standish, Miles Stan'dish : military leader of the Pilgrims.

IT seems strange to us nowadays to think that once-on-a-time, when Elizabeth was queen of England, the men and women of the country could not worship God as they pleased. They could not pray what was in their hearts, but must use the words of printed prayers. They had to perform many ceremonies that some of them thought unnecessary. If they refused to obey the church laws, they were put into prison and whipped and their homes were taken away from them. The church heads sent spies about among the towns and villages to find out whether any people were disobeying them, and when

offenders were discovered, they were treated very cruelly indeed.

In the long-ago year of 1605, a few poor farmers and tradespeople in the village of Scrooby decided to leave England and go to Holland, where every one was allowed to worship as he wished. It must have been very hard to leave their comfortable homes and friends for a strange land, but they felt it was not right for the law to force them to pray in a way that they did not approve. Because these people claimed that they wished to purify the church, they were called Puritans.

Carrying their household treasures, they set out along the muddy roads to Boston, England, where they were to take a ship to Holland. Before they could sail one mishap after another befell them. Some were put into prison; others separated from their families. But at last, months later, they landed in Holland. For eleven peaceful years they lived in this clean, green little country, worshipping God as they thought right. Yet the older Puritans were not quite happy even here. They saw their sons and daughters marrying among the Dutch people, and their children

learning to speak a foreign language instead of their own English tongue. If they could only find somewhere a new country where they could set up an English-speaking colony of their own!

Then, into the anxious discussion of the elders began to creep the magic word "America." There, far away from harsh laws and cruel queens, in a beautiful fertile country, they might found a country of freedom; there they might own homes again and set up their trades; and there their boys and girls might be brought up as English children with English ways and English thoughts. At first the idea of America was only a hazy dream. It seemed impossible. A wide ocean tossed between; they had no money nor ships. It took the slow-moving vessels of those days many weeks to cross the water, and the trip was full of danger and difficulties. Yet as they talked the matter over and over, they came to a decision. They would go to America.

A trading company lent them enough money to buy two little wooden vessels, named the *Speedwell* and the *Mayflower*. The day finally came for leaving Holland. Of course there was

not room enough on the two ships for all the Pilgrims. For this reason, the youngest and the strongest were chosen to go. The rest planned to follow later on, after the colony was begun. But there were tears and heavy hearts as the voyagers started out, leaving parents, children, and friends, kneeling in prayer on the low Netherland shore.

Almost before they were out of sight of land their troubles began. The *Speedwell* sprang a leak, and the captain, who was afraid of the great, unknown ocean, refused to go on. A hundred of the bravest Puritans boarded the *Mayflower* at Plymouth, England, and set their sails for the new world. It was the stormiest part of the year. The tiny ship was tossed about by terrible winds and beaten by cruel waves. The Pilgrims did not dare to go on deck for fear of being washed overboard. One man who tried it was nearly drowned, but saved himself by holding on to a piece of rope that dragged behind the ship. The hatches were fastened tightly, and the travelers sat below in the tiny cabins, waiting and praying for a sight of land. The air in the crowded

rooms was hot and stuffy. The food was very bad. All day and all night they had to listen to the pound, pound of the waves against the wooden sides of the ship, which creaked and groaned and seemed every moment to be ready to tear apart and let the Atlantic in. Once this almost happened. A beam was forced out of its place and the water began to creep in. But among the passengers was a carpenter who managed to mend the leak and the ship was saved. Besides all these things one of the sailors died on the voyage and a tiny baby, Peregrine White, was born.

At last a land bird was seen flying over the *Mayflower*. The hundred weary Pilgrims shouted aloud with joy at the sight. It had been September seventh when they had started from England. Sixty-seven days later, on the ninth of November, a cold, gray winter day, they sailed toward the low, sandy shore of what we now call Cape Cod. They had dreamed of a beautiful country of flowers, fields, and streams; they saw a wild, rocky coast, bare woods, and untracked snow. Yet their sturdy courage did not leave them. In the low cabin of the ship the forty-one men in the party

drew up a set of laws for the new colony and elected one of their number, Deacon Carver, as their governor. Three exploring parties were sent out to see whether the land was fit for their purpose. Miles Standish, who commanded the shore party, brought back the cheering news that he had found cornfields and little running brooks. A month and a half later the cramped and weary Pilgrims set foot on the land that they had sought so eagerly. A little girl, Mary Chilton, was the first of the women to step ashore on the black granite sides of Plymouth Rock.

The rowboats soon landed the few possessions of the Pilgrims, clothing, boxes of oatmeal, peas, and dried codfish, a few live goats, sheep, and chickens, and many Bibles. At once the men began to clear away the trees and to build log houses. They covered the roofs with straw thatch and made windowpanes of paper soaked in oil. On a hill near the settlement they built a rude fort and placed on the roof four little cannon which they had brought with them. The nearest white neighbors were five hundred miles away, but they thought that the woods about the tiny

town might be full of savage Indians. This fort was also their church, and every Sabbath day a strange procession marched down the single street and up the hill to the beat of a drum. The governor in his robe of state was at the head, carrying a gun over his shoulder; next came the preacher, also armed with a gun, and behind him walked the men and women and children in their long black cloaks, every man carrying his musket and powder horn.

In this manner began the life of the Pilgrims in the new world. The first winter was a long, cold one. Their bad food and the unaccustomed exposure soon began to weaken the settlers. Every other day a grave had to be dug in the frozen earth. For fear that the Indians might count the mounds and find out how few were left in the colony the Pilgrims smoothed them over and left no gravestone to mark their place. Whole families died that winter, among them the governor and his young and pretty wife. Yet their firm faith in God gave them courage. When the *Mayflower* sailed out of wintry Plymouth bay toward England, not a single Pilgrim was on board.

The twenty children in the settlement learned their A B C's from a primer or "hornbook" that had been brought for this purpose. The women tended the sick, spun, and cooked, and every moment listened for the sound of a conch shell from the fort, warning them that Indians were coming. The men of the settlement went with muskets over their shoulders into the woods for wild turkey. They gathered red checkerberries and sassafras root and fished for cod along the shore. When there was very little food, the stronger ones went hungry gladly so that the children and the sick might have enough to eat. They shivered in the unheated houses, and wept bitter tears as they buried their friends and families. Yet they did not complain, nor talk of going back to England.

At first the Colonists saw no Indians, for a sickness had driven them from the coast the year before. Then one day, a tall, red-skinned savage, wearing the hide of some animal, came out of the woods and walked down the street of the little town. The Pilgrims seized their guns; the children and women ran screaming into the houses; but the



Photo by Universal Co

**"ONE DAY A TALL, RED-SKINNED SAVAGE CAME OUT OF
THE WOODS."**

Indian did not offer to do any one any harm. He even made signs to show that he was friendly. This was the beginning of a friendship between the Indians and the whites that lasted many years. Only once did the savages show threat of harm. That was when a messenger came to Governor Bradford from the chieftain of a tribe, carrying as a gift a snakeskin stuffed with arrows. The governor emptied the skin, filled it with powder and shot, and sent it back, as his answer to the unfriendly chieftain. He meant, of course, that if the Indians shot arrows at the settlers, he and his men would shoot back bullets. The chieftain understood the silent message of the snakeskin and the settlement remained unharmed.

In this strange village the children grew up. We know some of their queer names, but they do not tell us much about the boys and girls who bore them — Resolved, Remember, Fear, and Patience. Yet no doubt they were much like other children. Two dogs and several cats had been brought over on the *Mayflower* for them to play with. They learned to read and write.

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They listened to the psalms and sermons on the Sabbath, and perhaps wished deep down in their hearts that the Indians might come and break up the long, solemn service! They had their good times, too. A year after the landing of the *Mayflower* the governor ordered a feast of thanksgiving to be held. In spite of the death of half of the settlers, in spite of the hardships and suffering of the rest, there was much for which to thank God. Their harvest had been good, they were at peace with their neighbors, the Indians, and they could worship God as they wished.

The Indians were invited to share in the feast, and came, bringing presents of wild game. Long boards formed the tables, and on them were smoked turkeys, corn, and other vegetables. There was homemade cider to drink, and puddings and pies to eat. About the feast were gathered the older Puritans, some of them weak from sickness, the children eager for the feast of good things, and the painted savages with their feathers and furs. A strange company, indeed, it was that celebrated America's first Thanksgiving Day!

YOU TELL ME THE STORY

1. Why do you think the farmers of Scrooby decided to leave England? Was it a good reason?

2. What year was it? How do you suppose they wished to worship?

3. Describe their adventures on the way to Holland. What happened after they landed there? Why did they wish to leave Holland after some years?

4. Where did they decide to go? Why? What did they want to establish in America?

5. What were the names of the ships they hired? What happened to one of them? How many Pilgrims went? Were any of your ancestors among them?

6. Do you think you would have enjoyed the journey across the Atlantic in the *Mayflower*? Why not?

7. Where did the Pilgrims land? What household goods had they brought with them? Do you think they found a pleasant country?

8. What kind of town did they build? Was it like any town you ever saw? How did they go to church?

9. What was the daily life of a Pilgrim child? What did the men do? the women? How did they get along with the Indians?

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS

THE breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed.

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came ;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums
And the trumpet that sings of fame.

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear ;—
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard and the sea ;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam ;
And the rocking pines of the forest roared, —
This was their welcome home !

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band.
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land ?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth ;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar ? —
Bright jewels of the mine ?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war ? —
They sought a faith's pure shrine.

Aye, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod.
They have left unstained what there they found,
Freedom to worship God.

MRS. HEMANS.

A FAMOUS TEA PARTY

Parliament, par'lia-ment: the assembly and law-making body of England.

Mohawk Indians, Mo'hawk (pronounced mō'hâk): a New York tribe of Indians.

ON the first of November, 1765, a big city went into mourning. From every church tower of Boston came the slow tolling of bells. The men and women of the city wore sad faces and spoke in whispers. Something terrible had happened. Across the sea in London-town the English Parliament had passed a law, called the Stamp Act, which was meant to force the American colonies to pay out great sums of money to the mother country. The colonists thought that the act was unjust because they were not allowed to send men to Parliament to help in the making of laws. They did not believe that they ought to have to obey laws that they had not made themselves. The news of the Stamp Act

distressed them very much. Far and wide over the city of Boston the crowds gathered to complain and threaten. A resolution was made to "eat nothing, drink nothing, wear nothing that comes from England" until the Act was repealed.

The mobs burned great sheets of the hateful stamps on the streets. England soon saw that she could not make the colonists obey this new law without bloodshed. They did not want to fight with America, so very unwillingly King George the Second repealed the Act. But it was too late. The colonists had refused once to obey England; it was not so hard to refuse the next time.

That next time soon came. England had many debts because of the wars she had been waging, and she needed money. The Prime Minister decided to put heavy taxes on some of the articles that were shipped to America. The heaviest tax was laid on tea. Now, Americans loved tea. All over the country, in the cities and the backwoods, this drink was used. Even the Indians drank tea twice a day. Now the colonists decided to give it up. The pretty Boston maids met

together and formed societies, pledging themselves not to pour another cup of tea until the tax was repealed. The storekeepers who went on selling English tea were hooted on the streets. Some boys made an image of one of them and burned it in front of his store. The whole town was in an uproar.

Troops of British soldiers were sent to Boston to keep order, but the sight of the red-coated soldiers parading the streets only made matters worse. Every one felt that at last the time had come to teach the English government a lesson. Yet, after all, the colonists had English blood in their veins and loved the mother country; they had no wish to fight her, but they would not endure unjust treatment from any one. There was grave shaking of heads among the leaders of the colony as they watched the troops marching over Boston Common.

"Bloody backs!" jeered the boys, as the soldiers passed. "Scoundrels in red, — bloody backs!"

"Yankees!" shouted the English in return. "Boogers!"

Before long there was something more than names

flung back and forth. The townspeople made snowballs and threw them at the soldiers, with handfuls of mud and jagged pieces of ice. The hated sight of the red uniforms in their quiet, peaceful streets drove them to frenzy. They dragged the chests of English tea that were still in the shops out to the Common and made bonfires of it. They printed pictures of patriotic scenes and pasted them on buildings and poles, to awaken the colonist's love of liberty. Some of the houses had posters in their windows with candles behind them to light them at night. On the fifth of March the crowds marched up and down the streets, carrying clubs over their shoulders. The British captains ordered their men to go to Boston Common and quiet the mob. Shouting curses, the soldiers poured from the barracks and started to the Common. The church bells began to ring all over the snowy roofs, calling the people out to see what was going on. The women left their spinning wheels and looms; the men hurried from shop and office, and the children shouted with excitement and clapped their hands.



Photo by Edison

"CALLING THE PEOPLE OUT."

"Go home, good people!" cried the soldiers.
"Disperse in the king's name!"

"Bloody backs!" screamed the angry colonists, flinging snowballs among the red uniforms. "Fire if you dare!"

They had no idea that the soldiers would really fire into the mob, but that is exactly what happened. A volley of shots pattered out, and eleven American colonists fell over into the snow. Three were killed outright, eight wounded. The red spots of blood on the white drifts spread and widened; the women shrieked and wailed aloud, and the men looked at one another with grim faces. The first blood had been shed; what would come next? The Boston Massacre, as this was called, was the first step in the War of the Revolution.

On the heels of this excitement came the news that three ships loaded with taxed tea were sailing into Boston Harbor. If this tea was allowed to land, the colonists would ever after be at the mercy of the English Parliament, which would tax them as often and as heavily as it pleased. Men shook their heads.

"This tea must not land," they said. "This tea shall not land."

On Sunday the ships entered the harbor. The colonists flocked to the shore to see them; but there was no disorder. Twenty-five men were chosen to guard the ships during the night. The rest gathered in the churches and halls of the city to talk of what it was best to do. Every one knew that the situation was very serious. But even now they hoped that they could avoid war.

All over the country men waited for news from Boston. The bells rang in a thousand belfries, and signal fires were piled on the hills ready for lighting if war were declared. The English governor of Massachusetts was very angry at the action of the Boston men, and sent a message to the mass meeting in the Old South Meeting House, ordering it to break up. A storm of hisses greeted the reading of the message. All night the meeting argued and discussed, but reached no decision.

For two days the ships lay in the harbor with the tea on board, and nothing was done. On Tuesday seven thousand people stood on the

shore in groups, speaking in low and earnest tones. It was one of the days on which history is made. As the crowd watched the ships, a little company of men and women were meeting together in the tiny back room of a newspaper office, making their final plans for action. The people did not know of these plans; but they did know that something would soon be done. A messenger was sent to the governor of the state to ask him for a permit for the ships to pass out of the harbor and return to England.

The sun went down; gradually the crowd left the shore and gathered in the Old South Meeting House to await the governor's reply. Candles lighted the gathering with a dim and shadowy light. It was a very quiet assembly, with none of the mob excitement of a few days before. Men rose in their seats and made short speeches, but the rest hardly listened. They were straining their ears for the sound of a galloping horse bringing the answer of Governor Hutchinson. If he gave the ships a pass out of the harbor, all would be well; the tea would sail quietly back to England and the danger would be past;



Photo by Edison

"THIS MEETING CAN DO NOTHING MORE TO SAVE THE COUNTRY," HE SAID."

but if he refused to let the ships return, still loaded, *something would be done*. At last the messenger entered the church. He was a Quaker, named Rotch, and his sober gray dress made him a strange messenger of war.

"The governor refuses to sign the permit," he said quietly.

In the midst of a deep hush Samuel Adams, one of the leaders of the colonists, rose in his seat, "This meeting can do nothing more to save the country," he said sternly. The words were a declaration of war.

As though there had been a signal, a terrible yell, like an Indian war whoop, sounded at the door of the church. Fifty men, with painted faces, and dressed like Mohawk Indians, passed the entrance, carrying tomahawks in their hands. Followed by great crowds these men passed along the crooked streets of Boston to Griffin's Wharf, where the English vessels were moored. They spread over the three ships and commenced their work of liberty. The chests of tea were brought to the decks and cut open.

"Who knows," said one of the colonists, watch-

ing on the shore, "how tea will mingle with salt water?"

The clear moon lighted up the strange scene, as the painted forms emptied the great chests over the ships' rails into the sea. The crowd on shore was so still that the click of the hatchets could be heard clearly in the frosty night. The smell of the tea filled the air with a delicious aroma. It lay on the water in dark ridges, washing ashore with the tide. As the bells tolled nine o'clock every one of the three hundred and forty-two chests was emptied and the work was done. The Indians disappeared as quickly as they had come, and the crowd went home. Among them were many red-coated soldiers of the British army, but they did not attempt to interfere. The Admiral, himself, joked with the colonists, saying that they had had their fun, and now they might expect to pay the piper. Paul Revere saddled his horse and rode away into the night to carry the news to Philadelphia. On the hills blazed beacon fires, telling all the world that the American colonies had taken their first step toward becoming a free nation.

SEE WHETHER YOU KNOW!

1. Was the Stamp Act unfair? What became of it?
2. What was the next act which England passed to force money from America? What do you think the result of this act in America would naturally be?
3. Why were British troops sent to Boston? How did the troops and the citizens of Boston get along together? What do you suppose Boston was like then?
4. What was the Boston Massacre? Tell about it in an essay of a hundred words.
5. Why do you think the Boston people wished to keep the tea from landing? What did they do to prevent it from being brought on shore?
6. Who was Samuel Adams? Describe the meeting in the Old South Meeting House. What reply did the English governor make to the request of the colonists? Was it a pleasant one? What would you have done if you had been at the colonist meeting?
7. Write a brief account of the Boston Tea Party, as though you had been there and seen it.
8. How did the rest of America regard the Tea Party? How do *you* regard it?
9. Why was this a Brave Adventure?
10. What was the result of the Tea Party to England? What was the result to the Americans? Why is Boston called the "Cradle of Liberty"?

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

Versailles, Ver'sâilles (pronounced ver''sâl'-ye): the palace of Louis XIV, outside of Paris.

Bastille, Bas-tille': a prison in Paris, destroyed by the mob.

Tuileries, Tuile'ries (pronounced tuil'ri): the palace of the French kings in Paris, destroyed during the Revolution.

THIS is not a pretty story. It is full of ugly deeds and of cruel men and women. Perhaps you will say when you have read it that it is not a brave adventure at all. Yet it was an adventure, and the people who took part in it were certainly not cowards.

There have been a great many wicked kings in this world, but not many more wicked than Louis the Fourteenth. He did not care anything about his country or his people. All that interested him was his own pleasure. He loved great palaces, fine clothes, jewels, and costly things to eat. He loved to give wonderful entertainments to his

friends, with fountains running wine instead of water and thousands of lights and flowers and dancers. Of course such entertainments cost a great deal of money. In order to get all the money he needed Louis taxed the poor people of the country. Almost every cent of money these peasants made they had to pay out to the great lords who owned the land, to the church, or to the king. They had to give hens to one lord, sacks of oats to another, and vegetables to a third. They had to pay for the water they used and for the right to travel along the roads. All France was covered with villages of starving men and women and children, while the king and his lords and ladies were dressed in satin and lace and rode in gilded carriages.

To be sure, there were yellow grain fields and forests full of birds and game that were good to eat, but the peasants did not dare to touch these because they belonged to the lords. If a hungry man shot a rabbit to feed his starving children, the servants of the lord who owned the land took him to jail. The jailer beat him on his bare back or set him in the stocks where all his neigh-

bors could see him. Where there was no money in the house to pay the heavy taxes, the king's taxgatherers took the father of the family to Paris and put him into a great dark prison. Some of these men had to stay in prison the rest of their lives.

But Louis the Fourteenth did not care how his people suffered. He danced and drank and enjoyed himself. It did not hurt his appetite to think that there were millions of people in France who could not get enough dry bread for their children. There were twenty-five million of these poor people, farmers, blacksmiths, carpenters, and bakers, so there were twenty-five million people who were glad when the cruel old king died. They hoped that his son, Louis the Fifteenth, would be kinder. But when a great crowd of them went to the royal palace at Versailles with a list of their grievances, the king would not read it, and ordered the two peasants who carried it to be hanged! From this act, they knew that in spite of his gentle face, in spite of his sweet and kind young wife, Marie Antoinette, and his little son and daughter, the new king

would be no more merciful than the old one. The lords went on demanding oats and hens as fees; the tax men still came for their money, and the cruel ministers who advised the king how to rule France went on making harsher laws than ever. The only man among these advisers who was a true friend to the wretched people, Necker by name, was removed from his office. The others would not listen to the pleas of the starving peasants.

One of these cold-hearted ministers was a rich old aristocrat named Foulon. The people came to him in their desperation.

"We are hungry," they cried wildly. "Give us bread or a chance to earn bread!"

"Little Pierre and Marie are dying for food!"

"My old father is starving! Give us bread!"

To such pitiable cries, Foulon answered coldly: "Eat grass, then."

Thus the cruel minister sneered at their cries, shrugging his shoulders under his velvet cloak.

You see, the great lords and aristocrats never dreamed that the people would dare to rise up and take what they needed for themselves. But

that is exactly what happened. It is called the French Revolution usually; but some books speak of it as the Reign of Terror. For it was a very, very dreadful time for those who had crushed and robbed the poor so long.

On Sunday, the twelfth of July, 1789, soon after the American Revolution, you see, the poor of Paris gathered in a great mob and marched through the streets. They carried axes, barrel staves, and long sticks. Their faces were wild and threatening. As they marched they shouted aloud: —

“To arms, citizens! To arms! To arms!”

The royal troops rode out to meet them and scattered the mob. But no troops nor commands could quiet the starving, ragged, wretched people any longer. On the next day every street in the city was crowded with dancing, shrieking men and women, all wearing knots of red and white and blue ribbon in their hats — the famous tricolor of the Revolution. A loud clanging echoed far and wide. It was the sound of blacksmiths beating lumps of iron into long, sharp spikes for the patriots to carry. The mob rushed pell-mell



"THE POOR OF PARIS GATHERED IN A GREAT MOB."

along the streets to the City Hall, crying as they went, —

“To arms, citizens! Let us find grain and guns!”

They pushed aside the royal guards and took all the muskets and swords that they could find in the City Hall, then on they hurried to search for grain. They found it — this precious stuff that their children were crying for — and took it on with them in sacks. They broke down the door of the debtors’ prison and let out the poor prisoners whom the great lords had shut up there. They took the royal store of gunpowder. No one dared try to stop them. For many cruel, hungry years the poor people of France had been waiting for this day. Now that it had come they could not be quieted.

The fourteenth of July came. This was the greatest day of the Revolution. Even to-day the French people celebrate it as we do our Fourth of July.

The great fortress of the king in Paris was the Bastille. It was a huge stone building with ditches and walls around it. Eight tall towers rose against

the sky. In this fortress were hundreds of prisoners. Some had been there for many, many years. There were old men in the Bastille's dark cells who had been young when they came. There were secret cells, torture chambers, and a hundred terrible cruelties hidden behind the gray walls. The French people hated and feared the Bastille. Now, at last, they would capture it! They would open its doors and let out the poor, hopeless prisoners.

The Bastille was well guarded. It could not be taken easily. For hours the wild mobs of patriots beat on the stone doors with pike and shot before at last a white flag rose over the ramparts, showing the surrender of the castle. The doors were quickly broken down, and the frightened prisoners dragged out and carried in a procession of triumph around the walls. Women wearing the tricolor on their gowns marched beside the men. The king's jailers who had tortured the prisoners were dragged out of their hiding places and hanged to lamp posts. The whole city was mad with rage and triumph. A frightened messenger galloped to Versailles to

tell the king what had happened. Louis the Fifteenth was not very much disturbed.

"It must be a revolt," he said calmly.

"Sire," cried the messenger, "it is more than a revolt. It is a rebellion."

What he said was true. All through France the starving, unhappy people began to rise against the nobles. They burned the great castles of the aristocrats. Hundreds of these stone mansions were in ruins in a month. Many of the aristocrats fled with their families to England. Those who remained soon wished that they had gone!

A mob of women, old and young, went to Versailles to demand bread from the king. The men followed at their heels. They did not look much like an army. Their clothes were tattered, their hair was wild, and their faces were thin and scowling. They carried long iron rods over their shoulders, and swords, muskets, and clubs of wood. The bright colors of the tricolor waved on every cap or coat. They drove away the guard about the king and carried the royal family back to Paris with them. The city palace, called the

Tuileries, had been deserted for a long time. Now the king and queen went to live there, almost like prisoners.

For thirteen months France was in an uproar. Instead of dying down, the fury of the common people grew greater day by day. They took charge of the government. They made the king wear the tricolor. They wrangled over the laws they wanted made. They gathered an army and trained it in the art of warfare. One by one the king's supporters left him. Yet the patriots, as they called themselves, soon saw that it would be impossible for the people to keep their new-gained freedom as long as some of their old tyrants were alive. They knew that as soon as the first excitement died down the aristocrats would come back, the taxgatherers would be sent out again, and the poor peasants would be as badly off as ever. The king was even now plotting with the army and the nobles to put down the revolution. They were afraid that he could do it unless they could prevent him by force. Their hatred for the cruel, heartless aristocrats flamed up hotter than ever. Before this they had done

nothing worse than burn castles. Now they decided to do more.

The royal family suspected that their lives were in danger. They decided to flee from Paris to safety, and there to raise an army and march back to punish the rebellious people. On a June evening, in 1791, a coach drove rapidly out of Paris. In it were a group of people in ordinary, rather shabby clothes. No one would have thought to look at them that they were the family of the king of France. But the coach had not gone far before the revolutionists found out that their royal prisoners were escaping, and followed them on horseback. After an all-night chase Louis the Fifteenth and his wife and children were captured and brought back to Paris, where they were soon made real prisoners.

Two years later the king was executed, and soon afterward the queen. Then came the wicked nobility who had treated the poor people so cruelly. One by one these, too, were killed. It was a bloody, terrible time for France. We cannot admire the patriots for their conduct, and yet the aristocrats had brought the trouble all



"TWO YEARS LATER THE KING WAS EXECUTED."

on themselves. Some of those who were killed deserved their punishment, but many of them were innocent.

It was a long while before the French Revolution was over and the people of France had made a government for themselves. But when at last the hatred and cruelty and misery was gone by, a new life began for the down-trodden common people. This new life had for its motto three beautiful words: —

“Liberty! Equality! Brotherhood!”

TELL ME

1. What sort of king was Louis the Fourteenth? How did he treat the poor people? What did he like to do and why do you suppose he liked to do this?

2. What were some of the grievances of the French peasants?

3. What did they hope the new king would do? Did he treat those who went to him well? What sort of ministers had Louis the Fifteenth?

4. What was the date of the beginning of the Revolution? What did the patriots do on the first day, as you remember?

5. What do you think the colors they wore meant? What did they shout as they marched?

6. What is the most important date in the Revolution? What happened then?

7. Did the peasants treat the nobles who had been so cruel to them kindly? Tell about the mob that went to Versailles. What did they do?

8. Describe the king's attempt to escape from Paris. Why do you suppose he feared to remain? Did his plans succeed?

9. What happened to the royal family and the aristocrats?

10. What was the result of the French Revolution? What sort of government have the French people to-day? What is its motto? What other government is like it?

THE MARSEILLAISE HYMN

YE sons of France, awake to glory!
Hark! Hark, what myriads bid you rise —
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,
Behold their tears and hear their cries!
Shall hateful tyrants, mischief brooding,
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?

Now, now the dangerous storm is rolling,
Which treacherous kings, confederate raise.
The dogs of war, let loose, are howling.
And lo! Our fields and cities blaze.
And shall we basely view the ruin
While lawless force with guilty stride
Sheds desolation far and wide
With crimes and blood his hands imbruing?

Oh, Liberty, can man resign Thee,
Once having known Thy generous flame?

Can dungeons, bolts, or bars confine Thee
Or whips Thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world has wept, bewailing
That falsehood's dagger, tyrants wield;
But Freedom is our sword and shield
And all their arts are unavailing.

CHORUS

To arms! To arms, ye brave!
The avenging sword unsheath!
March on! March on! All hearts resolved
On victory or death!

ROUGET DE LISLE.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

Crimea, Cri-me'a (pronounced cri-mf'a): territory north of the Black Sea.

Balaklava, Ba'la-kla'va (pronounced bā'lā-klā'va): a part of the Crimea.

IT seems strange that no matter how much land a nation owns, it is always trying to get more. Sometimes it buys land from another country, but more often it goes to war and takes what it wishes by force. You would suppose that Russia had as much land as she could possibly use. She is such a great bare country with thousands of miles of land where no one lives. Yet big as she was, she wished to be bigger. In 1853 the Czar of Russia thought that he saw a way to help himself to part of Turkey.

If you will look Russia up on the map, you will see that she has no very good seaports. There are ports into the Baltic, the Black Sea, and the Caspian Sea, but not into the Mediterranean,

where most of the trading is done. The Czar thought that it would be a very fine thing for Russia to have some of Turkey's harbors. He knew that Turkey had a small army and that he had a very large one. Considering this, he thought it would be easy for him to win a war with her.

The Czar did not know, however, that England, France, and Austria would try to protect Turkey. These nations did not wish Russia to get any more land ; they were afraid for their own safety if Russia became too powerful. To protect themselves, in a way, when the Czar declared war on Turkey, England, France, and Austria declared war on the Czar.

In southern Russia lies a small province, sometimes called Crim Tartary, sometimes known as the Crimea. It was here that the Allies, the nations that were banded together against Russia, landed their troops. Among the British forces was a cavalry regiment called the Light Brigade.

Russia was taken by surprise and had very little time to gather troops together to meet the enemy. For some days, therefore, the Allies pushed on into the Crimea, winning victories

and driving back the Russian troops. Then suddenly everything was changed. A great Russian army arrived. The French and English troops soon saw that they were in a dangerous place. The forces of the enemies came together in a place called Balaklava. Low hills surrounded a green plain here. On the top of these hills the Allies had dug trenches and placed small cannon. But they had left very few men in charge of the trenches, and the Russians soon captured the earthworks and the cannon.

The French and English regiments, however, managed to drive the Russians from the valley, down the plain toward the sea. They swept down the valley, through the hills, taking twelve of the captured English cannon with them.

The general at the head of the English army was Lord Raglan, a brave man who had lost an arm in the battle of Waterloo. Seeing the Russians who had taken the trenches on the hill beginning to remove the cannon from these places also, he wrote a hasty note to Lord Lucern who was directing the battle in the valley. In this note he told him to prevent the Russians from

taking away the rest of the cannon from the hills. At least that is what Lord Raglan meant to say ; but Lord Lucern did not understand the order in that way. He thought the general was telling him to send his men after the main body of Russian troops, who were retreating down the valley with several English cannon. He was amazed at such an order.

Ahead lay a narrow valley with the hills on either side covered with Russian troops. At the farther end of the valley the Russians who had just been defeated had halted and taken up a position behind their guns. It would be like sending his men into a death trap to obey the order that the general had sent him. They would be shot at from three sides at once. He knew very well that they would most of them never reach the end of the valley alive.

The division which was ordered into this terrible danger was the cavalry regiment known as the Light Brigade. Six hundred soldiers sat in their saddles looking out over the hills that were dotted with the gray uniforms of the Russian troops ; they were thinking probably of their



"IT WOULD BE LIKE SENDING HIS MEN INTO A DEATH TRAP TO OBEY THAT ORDER."

homes, and their little boys and girls. Soon, perhaps, the war would be over, and they could go back to England. Suddenly they saw Lord Lucern riding rapidly toward them. Their captain, Lord Cardigan, went to meet him. The soldiers saw a piece of paper in Lord Lucern's hand and the troubled expression of his face. The two men talked earnestly together and pointed down the valley where the Russian troops had just fled.

What did it mean? they wondered. Surely they could not be planning to follow the enemy! After a moment's talk the two captains separated. Lord Cardigan rode toward his men. He drew his sword, pointed to the valley, and cried loudly: —

“The Brigade will now advance!”

Not one of the six hundred soldiers hesitated. Every man knew that a mistake must have been made somewhere. Every man knew that he would probably be killed. After they had once started down that narrow valley there would be no escape. Yet they had been taught to obey orders without questioning them. At the word,

"Advance," every horse started forward at a steady trot.

The first shell fired at the Light Brigade from the Russians on the hillside struck the leader. His horse turned around and carried his lifeless master back through the ranks of horsemen. In a moment a rain of bullets was upon them. From the hillsides on both sides of the valley came the shriek of bullets and the roar of shells. Horses and soldiers toppled to the ground, and their companions rode on over their bodies. The Light Brigade had been ordered to advance and they were advancing. They would keep on as long as there was a man left alive.

Ahead at the end of the valley were the defeated Russians. They were drawn up behind twelve powerful guns. When the Light Brigade was a hundred yards away, these guns began firing.

For five minutes the terrible ride had been going on. More than half of the Brigade lay dead or wounded on the ground. The guns in front increased the slaughter. Yet those who were still left rode on, into the clouds of cannon



"BEHIND THEM, FRIENDS AND ENEMIES WATCHED IN AMAZEMENT."

smoke which hid them from view. Behind them, friends and enemies watched in amazement. They had never seen such bravery before.

Of course the unequal battle could end only one way. After a few moments' brave attack on the Russians, in which the enemy's gunners were driven from their guns, the few who were left of the Light Brigade rode back. Their red uniforms were black with dust and powder smoke. They rode slowly, by twos and threes. Now and then they stopped to help a friend. Some dragged along on foot. Two regiments of the Light Brigade had kept some sort of order. These now rode back in a body, fighting their way through a Russian force that came down from one of the hillsides to capture them.

One hundred and ninety-five men came back where six hundred had ridden before. They had done no good to the cause, captured no guns, won no victory. But they had given the world a sight of men who were not afraid to do their duty in the face of certain death. Their heroic ride will never be forgotten.

DO YOU KNOW ?

1. What were some of the reasons why Russia made war on Turkey?

2. What other nations joined this war? Why do you think they entered it?

3. Where did the Allies land? What happened at first?

4. Do you remember the name of the place where the great Russian army came on the Allies? What did the Russians succeed in doing?

5. Who was Lord Raglan? Lord Lucern? Lord Cardigan? What was Lord Raglan's order to Lord Lucern? What did Lord Raglan really mean? What did he seem to mean? Should you have understood the order?

6. When the order was made for the Light Brigade to advance, what happened? Do you think you would have obeyed, too?

7. Tell the story of the famous charge. How many men went into the valley?

8. How many men returned? Why is the charge so famous? What did it teach the world?

9. What does the story of the Light Brigade teach you?

10. Learn the first and last verses of Tennyson's poem.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

HALF a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
“Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!” he said:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

“Forward, the Light Brigade!”
Was there a man dismay’d?
Not tho’ the soldiers knew
Some one had blunder’d.
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,

Cannon in front of them,
 Volley'd and thunder'd ;
 Storm'd at with shot and shell,
 Boldly they rode and well,
 Into the jaws of Death,
 Into the mouth of Hell,
 Rode the six hundred.

Flash'd all their sabers bare,
 Flash'd as they turn'd in air,
 Sabring the gunners there,
 Charging an army, while
 All the world wondered.
 Plunged in the battery-smoke,
 Right through the line they broke,
 Cossack and Russian
 Reel'd from the saber-stroke,
 Shatter'd and sunder'd.
 Then they rode back, but not —
 Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
 Cannon to left of them,
 Cannon behind them,
 Volley'd and thunder'd ;

Storm'd at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came through the jaws of Death
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
All the world wonder'd.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE FORTY-NINERS

King Midas, Mi'das: a fabled king who could turn everything he touched into gold.

THIS is a tale of gold. It is very strange how men have always been willing to do almost anything for the sake of this ugly, yellow metal. Gold has made men fight each other; gold has brought sickness and sadness and death to a great many people; and yet people still want it. Some men want gold to save. We call these people misers. Some want it to spend on good things to eat and pretty things to wear. But most men try to get it to buy comforts for their families.

There have been many stories written about gold. You may remember the tale about the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, and the legend of old King Midas who turned everything he touched into gold. This is different from those, in that it is a true story.

In 1848 a man named Marshall made a strange discovery. He and his partner had built a mill on the banks of a mountain stream in California, which was then a very new state. The mill wheel did not turn very well and Marshall was trying to find the reason for this. The machinery seemed to be clogged with gravel and dirt that had been brought down from the mountains by the stream. In this dirt Marshall found many little specks of yellow which he did not understand. He took these tiny bits to his cabin and began pounding them with a hammer. Instead of breaking, the specks flattened out into a smooth, bright sheet on the table. Then Marshall knew that he had found gold.

He told his partner, and they decided to keep their discovery a secret. But secrets will leak out sometimes, and soon men began to come to the mill to see for themselves whether it were true. In the sand at the bottom of the stream they also found gold. Sometimes it was in tiny grains like what Marshall had found. Sometimes it was in lumps the size of a pea or bigger.

At first the people of San Francisco, the only

city in California at that time, would not believe the tale of gold ; but by and by miners began to appear in town with canvas bags full of fine yellow dust and lumps of the precious metal called nuggets strung on strings around their necks. Then the rush began. Every one wanted to go to the gold fields. Men left their wives and babies; the storekeepers deserted their business; doctors dropped their medicine bags and bought shovels instead; their patients got out of bed and followed; the grave judges came down from the court bench; the ministers from the pulpit; even the prisoners found it easy to break out of jail because the guards had gone to mine for gold. Each and all bought a pick, a shovel, a few tin pans, and a roll of blankets and started out to make fortunes. In a few weeks three quarters of the people of San Francisco were gone. The city looked asleep; there were no newspapers, for there were no readers. Even the servants left town. The governor of the state had to cook his own meals!

Little by little the wonderful news crept over the mountains of California to the other states.

Ships carried the discovery to far countries. All over the world men turned their faces toward the land of wealth. Most stories that are repeated often grow bigger than the truth, but the wildest tales of the gold find were true. Poor men really became rich men in a day. In some spots miners dug the precious metal out of the ground with a spoon. Nuggets were found as big as a boy's fist, and the waters of the rivers flowed in places over sands of pure gold. No wonder that all over the earth people started to California with dreams of sudden wealth in their minds.

In those days there were no railroads across the continent and very few passenger ships on the seas. It took months for a vessel to sail around South America to the Pacific coast. The gold seekers soon filled the few ships that were bound for San Francisco, and hundreds were turned away because there was no more room. Men were willing to pay a great deal of money for their passage. It is said that some gave the ship captains one thousand dollars for permission to sleep on a hard coil of rope on deck! But travel by sea was very unsatisfactory. Some of the vessels

were wrecked on the way. None of them came back for more passengers, because as soon as they reached California the captains and sailors all went to the gold fields with the rest. Most of the travelers had to go by land.

Some of the men took their wives and children with them in great wagons that were covered with canvas and drawn by many horses and oxen. These were called prairie schooners. All day long lines of the schooners crawled across America, leaving the towns and settled states behind and facing the terrors of the prairies bravely. At night the lines would form into a great circle for protection from the Indians. The men built camp fires and the women cooked bacon over the coals. The sound of wolves howling across the prairie would send the children shivering to their parents, but no animals dared attack so many people.

At night the travelers were sometimes awakened from a sound sleep by the noise of horrible yells and screams. There would be a band of Indians, painted and hideous, appearing suddenly out of the thickets on the mountain side above and shoot-



"A BAND OF INDIANS, PAINTED AND HIDEOUS."

ing upon the circle of wagons. Then the men would seize their guns, and the women and children would hide behind the wagons. Sometimes the savages were driven away, but not always. When they were not beaten off, the poor treasure seekers were killed and the boys and girls carried away as prisoners.

The way led over steep mountains, rivers that had no bridges, and desert places where the grass and trees did not grow. But the travelers were nearly all brave men and women who would not turn back because of dangers and hardships.

Among the forty-niners was a family named Manley. Mr. Manley and several friends, with their families, started out from the East in wagons drawn by horses and oxen, and came at last to the edge of the great American desert. At first they tried to reach the coast by sailing up the Green River in little boats, but the falls and rapids soon drove them back. Then they started out over the desert itself. The Great American Desert is one hundred miles long, and not a tree or flower grows on its burning length. For a few days the families traveled steadily, resting

in the hottest part of the day and using the night for travel. Their food began to give out. They killed some of the oxen and ate their flesh and even their skin. Then, worse than hunger, came thirst. The great bags made of hide in which they carried the water were empty, and the nearest pool was miles away. Mr. Manley and one of the other men decided to go for help.

Sixteen days passed, and they did not return. The children cried for water and then grew silent because their dry tongues would not move. At last two ragged figures appeared, leading a mule loaded with food and water. They were just in time. The schooner crept on again, and at last reached California after traveling more than a year on the way.

In the gold fields very strange things happened. A miner would strike "pay dirt," as gold dust was called, and at once others would hurry to the same place and put up their tents. Then if much gold were found, they would build houses of wood and brick. Sometimes a big town sprang up in a few days. Streets were laid out, stores opened, and gas works and sewers built. Then would

come news of another wonderful find of gold somewhere else, and the new town would be deserted as suddenly as it was built. The doors of the empty houses banged lonesomely in the wind, and wolves and other wild creatures crept unafraid through the silent streets.

Wherever miners were working, stores and restaurants were opened. The price of food was very high. A "square meal" cost three dollars, a plate of hash was a dollar and a half; men paid fifty dollars a week for a rough bunk to sleep in. The tools for digging cost large sums. A common butcher knife brought thirty dollars! But where people were making three and four hundred dollars a day, they could afford to spend some of it.

It was not always easy to get the gold. The miners had to stand for hours knee deep in ice-cold water with the sun burning on their heads. They would fill their pans with dirt from the river bottom and then shake it through the water to wash away the sand and gravel. Because of its weight, the gold would sink to the bottom of the pan where it could be scraped out.

Then, too, the food was often bad and caused

sickness. Most of the miners were not used to hard work with their hands. They had been clerks, storekeepers, lawyers, and business men. Their muscles must have ached as they bent over their endless gravel washing. Perhaps they looked wistfully back toward the pleasant homes they had left in the East. Yet most of them stayed on. They knew that the gold they gathered so patiently would some day buy comfort for their wives and children back home.

YOU TELL ME

1. How was the gold found in California? Did you ever find anything by accident?
2. What did Marshall do when he discovered he had found gold? What would you have done?
3. What sort of people, do you suppose, came from San Francisco to the gold fields? Were there many people left in the city?
4. How did the news get to other countries? How did men try to reach California? How should you get there to-day?
5. Why was it not easy to travel in those days? How did men travel?
6. What were prairie schooners? Why do you think these schooners formed a circle at night?

7. Describe an Indian attack.

8. Tell the story of the Manley family.

9. How did towns spring up? Why were they deserted?

10. Was gold hunting easy work? Why not? Why do you suppose the miners kept on? Should you have enjoyed being a forty-niner?

GOLD

GOLD! Gold! Gold! Gold!
Bright and yellow, hard and cold,
Molten, graven, hammered, and rolled,
Heavy to get and light to hold.
Hoarded, bartered, bought, and sold,
Stolen, borrowed, squandered, doled,
Spurned by the young, but hugged by the old
To the very verge of the churchyard mold.
Price of many a crime untold.
Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!
Good or bad a thousand fold!
How widely its agencies vary —
To save, to ruin, to curse, to bless,
As even its minted coins express,
Now stamped with the image of Good Queen Bess
And now of a Bloody Mary.



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